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CENTURY SERIES

THE MORSE READERS

THIRD BOOK

By
ELLA M. POWERS
and
THOMAS M. BALLIET

THE MORSE COMPANY

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THE MORSE THIRD READER

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ROSE AMONG THE HEATHER.

THE MORSE READERS

PRACTICAL GRADED TEXT

Third Book

BY

ELLA M. POWERS

AND

THOMAS M. BALLIET

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1902

THE MORSE COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

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PREFACE.

In the preparation of this Third Book the aim has been to introduce the pupil as early as possible to real literature, and therefore the selections have been taken almost exclusively from writers of recognized standing.

It is believed that the lessons are so graded as to present no unusual difficulties to the pupil, and that they have the further merit of being intrinsically interesting to children. It is also believed that these features of the book will commend it to the judgment of the progressive primary teacher who realizes that there is a distinct advantage in having even young children read to learn at the same time that they learn to read.

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THE AUTHORS.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Stag	*Æsop*	11
The Arrow and the Song	*Henry W. Longfellow*	13
The Little Elves	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	14
The Storks of Delft		17
Antar, the Arabian Boy		19
September	*Helen Jackson*	23
The Town Musicians	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	25
The Crow and the Pitcher	*Æsop*	32
For the Flag		33
The City Child	*Alfred Tennyson*	37
Ulysses and the Winds		38
Boyhood of Whittier		41
The Barefoot Boy	*John G. Whittier*	44
The Fish I didn't Catch	*John G. Whittier*	46
A Boy's Song	*James Hogg*	48
Ruth in the Harvest Field		49
Hercules and Pallas		53
The Little Plant	*Albrekt Segerstedt*	54
Chickadees	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	55
William Tell		56
Old Santa Claus		59
The Little Match Girl	*Hans Christian Andersen*	61
The Miser and his Gold	*Æsop*	67
The Child and the Bird	*Margaret E. Sangster*	68
A True Patriot		69
The Great Bear		74
The Queen Bee	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	76
The Nail	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	80
Fairy Folks	*Alice Cary*	82
The Little Sparrow	*Albrekt Segerstedt*	84
The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts	*Æsop*	86
The Child Handel		87
The Land of Story Books	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	90
Snowdrops and Snowbank		92
The Boy and the Colt		95
Daisy's Flower People	*Louisa M. Alcott*	98

		PAGE
The Fountain	*James Russell Lowell*	100
The Lost Hatchet	*Æsop*	102
A Greek Hero		104
A Little Lady	*Louisa M. Alcott*	107
Somebody's Mother		110
The Dutch Boer and his Horse	*Elihu Burritt*	113
The Discontented Thrush		117
The General and the Bird's-nest		121
The Rock-a-by Lady	*Eugene Field*	123
The Fox and the Cat	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	125
The Brave Girl at the Oar	*Elihu Burritt*	127
Fable	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	134
The Little Birch Tree	*Albrekt Segerstedt*	135
Six Wishes	*Max Havelaar*	138
The Slave and the Lion		141
The Voice of Spring	*Mary Howitt*	144
The Boy and the Crickets	*Pierre Jules Hetzel*	146
Hercules and the Wagoner	*Æsop*	150
The Miller, his Son, and the Donkey		151
The Little Bird Hunter	*John T. Trowbridge*	153
Seven Times One are Seven	*Jean Ingelow*	159
Prascovia		161
Jackanapes and the Gypsy	*Juliana H. Ewing*	166
Jackanapes and his Grandfather	*Juliana H. Ewing*	168
Buying the Gypsy Pony	*Juliana H. Ewing*	170
We are Seven	*William Wordsworth*	172
The Squirrel and her Little Ones	*Lydia M. Child*	176
The Gentleman	*William M. Thackeray*	179
A Summer Day	*George Cooper*	180
Old Sultan	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	182
Little Dillie	*Alice Cary*	186
Little Birds	*Adeline D. T. Whitney*	191
Tip-top, the Robin	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	193
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod	*Eugene Field*	197
The Sleeping Princess		200
The Lilac	*Mary Eleanor Wilkins*	209
A Dream of Sunshine	*Abby Morton Diaz*	210
Catching Sunshine	*John White Chadwick*	215
The Holiday	*Charles Dickens*	217
Word List		220

KING OF THE FOREST. *Sir Edwin Landseer.*

THIRD READER.

THE STAG.

thĭrst′ y̆	ăd mīr¢′	ĕs cāp¢′
slĕn′ dĕr	frīg¢ht′ ¢n¢d	sē¢z¢d
hŭn̲′ gry̆	ĕn′ tĕr¢d	dė̆ spīs̲¢d′

A thirsty stag once stopped to drink at a clear pool of water.

The water was so quiet that it seemed like a looking-glass. So the stag stopped and looked at himself in the clear water.

"How handsome are my horns!" he said, "but O, my legs are far too slender! I admire my horns, but I despise my legs."

As he stood by the clear pool, looking at himself in the water at his feet, a hungry lion bounded out from the woods. He rushed toward the stag.

The lion was about to spring upon the stag. The frightened creature turned quickly, and saw the hungry lion rushing toward him.

Away sped the stag. Faster and faster he flew, over the open plain.

The lion rushed after him; but the slender legs of the stag bore him swiftly and safely onward.

How fast and how easily the stag could run over the plain!

He was almost beyond the reach of the angry lion, when he entered a deep wood.

At once, his horns, which he had admired so much, caught in the branches of a tree. Again and again he tried to rush onward; but, each time, his horns caught in the branches.

The lion was now rushing onward much faster than the poor stag could run.

Before the stag could free himself and escape, the lion seized him and killed him.

When the poor stag saw that he must die, he cried, "Alas! alas! I despised my legs, that would have saved me; and I admired my horns, that have caused my death."

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LITTLE ELVES.

shāpp̸d	pray̸y̸r	bē hōld′
nēa̸t′ lў	stĭt̸ch	cŭs′ tȯm ẽr
ū′ s̱ū a̸l	ĕlvp̸s̱	fĭn̲′ gẽrs̱

There was once a shoemaker who, for no fault of his own, had become very poor. At last he had nothing left but just leather enough for one pair of shoes.

In the evening he cut out the leather, thinkĭng he would make it up in the morning. After saying his prayers, he lay down quietly to sleep.

The next morning he prayed again. Then he sat down to work. But, behold! the pair of shoes was already made. There they stood upon his work-bench.

The poor man knew not what to think. But he took the shoes into his hand to look at them closely. How neatly done! Not a stitch was wrong.

Soon a customer came in. The shoes pleased him so well that he bought them at a high price. Then the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs more. By the evening he had all this leather shaped out. And when he rose the next morning he was ready to work with fresh courage.

But there was no need to work! The shoes, all perfect, stood upon his work-bench.

Neither did he lack customers; for two came in, and paid a good price for the shoes. With that money he bought leather for four pairs more.

On the third morning he found the four pairs of shoes, all made. And so it went on. What he cut out each evening, he found, in the morning, had been turned into perfect shoes.

Thus it was, until the shoemaker's hope became good again, for life went well with him.

One evening — this was near Christmas time — he had cut out the leather as usual, and was ready to go to bed.

But he said to his wife, "Let us sit up to-night and see who it is that helps us so kindly."

His wife was willing to do this. So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes that were hanging there.

At midnight, in came the two elves! and they sat down upon the shoemaker's bench.

They took up the work that had been cut out, and at it they went with their small fingers, stitching, and sewing, and hammering.

They did all this so fast and so lightly the shoemaker's eyes grew wide with wonder.

They did not stop an instant until all the leather had been made into shoes. Then they ran off.

The morning after this the shoemaker's wife said, "The little men have made us rich. We must show that we are thankful. Though they run about, they must be cold, for they have no clothes.

"I will make for each a little coat, trousers, and stockings. You can make shoes for each."

The shoemaker said he would do this. So, one evening, instead of the leather, they placed the presents on the work-bench, and hid themselves.

At midnight, in came the elves. When they found no leather, but saw the little clothes, at first they wondered; then they were merry. They drew the coats on, and sang: —

"Smart and tidy boys are we;
Shoemakers no more we'll be!"

And they jumped over the stools, and at last out at the door. They never came again. But always after that the shoemaker lived happily.

[Adapted.] JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

THE STORKS OF DELFT.

Dĕlft plăt′ fôrmṣ

Hŏl′ l∕and crē∕a′ tûr∕eṣ

cȧ năls′ där′ lĭngṣ

dĕ vōt′ ĕd hĕlp′ lĕs∕

trø∕ŭ′ bl∕e sȯm∕e

Delft is a quaint little town in Holland. In that pretty place there are many of the birds called storks. They are very kindly treated by the good people of the town.

"Let the storks build their nests on our roofs," the people say, "for these birds bring good luck to us." No one in Holland ever wishes to kill a stork.

In one way these birds prove very useful. They destroy the troublesome small creatures that infest

the many canals of Holland. The storks like good places to perch upon. So the people plant for them tall poles with high platforms.

One spring day, in this town of Delft a terrible fire broke out. Faster and faster, and higher and higher spread the flames. They reached quickly from roof to roof, from wall to wall, and from street to street.

At this time the baby storks were only half grown. They were not yet able to fly. The mother storks tried to take the little ones from the nests. They hoped to fly with them from the flames.

But the small birds were helpless and heavy. Again and yet again these brave mother birds would sink back into their nests. They were not able to carry their darlings out from the fire.

Every mother stork might have saved herself easily, but not one of these devoted mothers would leave her babies.

The fire swept onward fiercely. As the flames fell upon the birds, each heroic mother covered her little ones with her wings. And thus they died together in the fire.

ANTAR, THE ARABIAN BOY.

päl̸m	dĕṣ′ ẽrt	màs′ tẽr
k̸nēɸl	ġĕn′ tlɸ	mẽr′ chȧnts
căm′ ĕl	hĕȧv′ ў	fûr′ nȧ̃çɸ

Antar is an Arabian boy and his father is a camel-driver, who travels across the desert.

One day the father said, "Antar, this is your birthday. Come with me. I will show you what I have for you."

Antar went with his father to the door. There stood a gentle, strong camel. "This is to be your own," said the father.

"How good you are, father, to give this camel to me!" said Antar. He stepped up to the camel, stroked the animal, and said, "How fine his hair is!"

"Yes," said the father, "you know the camel's hair is sometimes cut off and made into cloth."

Just then Antar's mother said, "See, my boy, I have something too, for you to-day!" and his mother held up before his eyes a new, long, white cotton gown, like his father's.

Then his mother added, "And here is a pretty, new turban of bright yellow silk!" Antar's eyes shone as he admired the new turban. He tried it on; and the long ends hung down behind his shoulders. How pretty it was!

"You are to go with your father in the caravan across the desert," said his mother. Antar's eyes danced about more than ever now, for he was happy to go with the merchants.

Antar's camel was large and strong, but very kind and gentle. When he was called, he would come quickly, and would kneel for his little master to get upon his back.

At last came the day to start upon the long ride. Antar, with the others, filled his water-bags of

skin at the well by the city gate; and his camel drank water enough to last six days.

Then away they started. The camels that led the caravan had bells on their necks, and the other camels followed in a long line. Instead of riders, some of the camels carried heavy loads of goods.

The sand of the desert was very hot, and there was no breeze. The air seemed as hot as if it had come from a furnace.

Antar could see only the burning sand and the sky. Not a tree, a flower, or a blade of grass could he see anywhere; only gray, brown, and dazzling white sand or gravel.

One day they saw some palm trees; and, urging on their camels, they came to the trees. There they found a spring of water; and there was grass, too.

To Antar, a tree had never before looked so cool and so beautiful. They stopped, and rested a few hours in the shade of the tall palms.

Then they went on. Sometimes they traveled six miles an hour, all of the day. At night Antar was tired, and he was glad when they stopped to rest.

Then great fires were lighted, and their supper was cooked. After supper the men would sit in a circle and tell stories.

Antar liked to sit and listen to their tales of brave men and of battles with men and beasts. Sometimes they spoke of rich merchants and kings and great cities far away.

When they were traveling one day, Antar suddenly heard a far-off, rustling sound. The fine hot sand began to whirl around and blow about.

Antar's camel at once lay down and pushed his nose into the sand. Antar's father cried, "A sand-storm! a sand-storm is coming! Throw your cloak over you! Throw yourself flat on the sand beside your camel! Quick, Antar, quick!"

Antar did as his father told him. He heard the great sand-storm rushing by, and he knew that great clouds of sand were being lifted into the air and were whirling by, thick and fast.

The boy was glad when this was over; but he was more glad to get home again and tell his mother all that he had seen and done on his first trip across the desert.

SEPTEMBER.

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

HELEN JACKSON.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS. — I.

dŏn′ k¢ў	fāl′ ĭng	rōōst′ ẽr
Brĕm′ ¢n	fē¢d′ ĭng	ẽ¢rn
lĭs′ t¢n	gȧsp′ ĭng	dĭs′ t¢nç¢

A certain man had a donkey that had carried the corn-sacks to the mill day by day for many long years. But now the donkey's strength was failing and he could not work any more.

Then his master began to think how he might get rid of feeding that old servant. But the donkey learned of this, and said, "I will run away." So he took the road to Bremen.

"There," he thought, "I can surely be town musician." When he had walked some distance, he saw a dog lying in the road, and gasping as if he had run till he was very tired.

"Why do you lie there gasping so, my friend?" asked the donkey.

"O," replied the dog, "I am old; and each day I am growing weaker; I can hunt no longer, and my master says that I must be killed. So I ran away. But now, how am I to earn my bread?"

"I'll tell you," said the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to be town musician there. Will you go with me? I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

"Very well," said the dog; and on they went. Before long they came to a cat sitting in the path. She had a face as dark as three rainy days. "Now then, old cat, what has gone wrong with you?" asked the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" replied the cat. "Because I am now growing old, and because I like to sit by the fire rather than hunt about for mice, my mistress says she will drown me. And so I ran away as fast as I could. But now, where am I to go?"

"Go with me to Bremen. You understand night-music; so you can be a street-musician."

"With all my heart," said the cat; and he went on with them. After this the three friends came to a farm-yard. On the gate stood a rooster, crowing with all his might. "Why are you screaming so? What is the matter?" said the donkey.

"I will tell you," said the rooster. "Visitors are coming for Sunday, and my mistress has told the

cook that she intends to make soup of me to-morrow; and this evening I expect to lose my head. So I am crowing now, while I can; and I shall crow as loud as I can."

"Listen, Red-Comb," said the donkey. "Would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen. You have a good voice, and if we make music together it must be fine!"

The rooster agreed to this plan, and said, "Thank you, I will go." And then the four friends went off together.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS. — II.

rēa̸ch	quīt¢	shĕl′ tẽr
pẽrch	fĕlt	ĕn joy′ ĭng
bōn¢s	cûrl¢d	tĕr′ rĭ blў

The four friends could not reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came to a forest, and they decided to spend the night there.

The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a large tree; the cat climbed to one of the branches; and the rooster flew to the top of the tree, where he felt quite safe.

Before the rooster went to sleep he looked around on all sides. He thought he saw in the distance a light burning; and, calling to the others, he told them he thought there must be a house near by, for he saw a light.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must go on to that light, for the shelter here is bad." The dog thought that a few bones with meat on them would do him good, too!

So they made their way to the place where the light was; and it grew larger and shone brighter

as they came near; and they soon saw that it came from the window of a robber's house. The donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

"What do you see, my gray horse?" asked the rooster. "What do I see?" said the donkey: "Why, a table, with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting there enjoying themselves."

"That would be a fine thing for us," said the rooster.

"Yes, yes. Ah, how I wish we were in there!" said the donkey.

Then the four friends said, "How can we drive these robbers away?" At last they thought of a good plan.

The donkey was to stand under the window, and the dog was to jump on the donkey's back. Then the cat was to climb up on the dog; and above them all the rooster was to fly and perch on the cat's back.

When this had been done, at a given signal they began their music together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. Then they burst through the window into the room, so that the broken glass clattered.

At this horrible noise the frightened robbers sprang up, and fled in great terror into the forest.

The four comrades then rushed in, and sat down at the table; and they ate as if they had eaten nothing for more than a month.

When the four musicians had eaten their supper, they put out the light and each found a sleeping place to suit him.

The donkey laid himself down on some straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself behind the door; the cat curled up by the warm ashes on the hearth; and the rooster perched himself upon a beam of the roof. Being tired, they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight the robbers saw, from far away, that the light was not burning in their house, and that all was quiet. Then the captain said, "I do not think there is any cause for fear after all."

So he sent one of his men back to the house. The man, finding everything quiet, went into the kitchen to light a candle; and seeing the fiery eyes of the cat, he thought they were live coals, and he held a match to them to light it.

But the cat flew at him. She spit on him and scratched his face.

This frightened the man so terribly that he rushed to the door. But the dog was lying there, and he sprang at the man and bit his leg. Then the man ran out across the yard; but the donkey gave him a kick with his hind foot. The rooster, wakened by the noise, cried out loudly, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Then the robber ran back, as fast as he could, to his captain.

"Ah me!" he said, "there is a horrible old witch in that house. She flew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers. By the door stands a man with a knife. He stabbed me in the leg.

In the yard there lies a great black monster. He struck me a heavy blow with a wooden club. And above, on the roof, sits the judge. He cried out, 'Bring the rogue to me!' Upon hearing this I ran off as fast as I could."

When the robbers had heard this dreadful tale, they said, "We will not go to that house again." And they escaped from the place the next day.

But the four musicians found the house to be such a good home for them that they decided not to leave it. So there they stayed.

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

thĭrst	pĕb′ blȼ	pĭt͡ch′ ẽr	ā′ blȼ
mount	cȧst′ ĭng	quĕnch	bēȧk

A crow, half dead with thirst, came upon a pitcher that had once been full of water; but when the crow put his beak into the mouth of the pitcher, he found there was very little water left in it.

He could not reach far down enough to get at the water. He tried, and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair.

Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher.

At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him; and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

Æsop.

FOR THE FLAG.

drŭm′ mẽr
băt′ tl¢
dān′ ġẽr
mẽr′ rў
mō′ m¢nt
stī′ flĭng
grō¢n
ē¢′ gẽr lў
pẽr sĭst′ ¢nt

Willie was only a drummer boy in the regiment; but he was so brave and so merry that the soldiers felt that they could hardly fight without Willie.

Then, too, he was always doing some kind act for the men and never thinking of pain or danger.

Sometimes he would point to the flag, and then his eyes would shine; and he said, "Our flag is a beautiful one." Then he would speak of what the colors mean.

"The red means 'Be brave,'" he said, "and white means 'Be pure,' and the blue tells us to be true." Some of the men did not know this,

and when they looked at the flag they thought of what Willie had said.

"How bright our flag is to-day!" said Willie one morning, as the sun shone upon it.

Jack Brown, who carried the flag, said, "It may not look so bright to-night, my boy! To-day's fight may tear it and give it a good many black spots, I fear."

Jack was right; for soon the fight began, and the air was filled with smoke, and shot and shells were flying thickly. The battle was heavy.

"Where is the flag?" said Willie. "I can hardly see it through the smoke. O, yes, there it is now! I can see the red color — and the red means 'Be brave!'"

Jack was still carrying the flag. Now and then, when the smoke cleared up for a moment, Willie could see the red-white-and-blue waving as it moved here and there through the fight.

Later in the day, Willie was wounded. A ball passed through his arm, and there was a sharp pain in his side, too. He grew dizzy and faint, and he fell on the smoking field. By and by some one bent over him.

"Where is the flag?" said Willie faintly. "It is floating out there all right," was the answer. "I am so glad!" And then Willie said to himself something about "Be brave, be pure, be true."

The pain in his side grew worse, and he was very thirsty. The ground was hot; the air was stifling; and still the battle went on.

Suddenly Willie heard a groan. He opened his eyes, and he saw, stretched out not ten feet from him, Jack, who had carried the flag.

Willie was too faint to speak, but he prayed that God would save Jack, and the dear, dear flag.

When the battle had ended, a soldier came to Willie, and bent over him, and said tenderly, "Willie, my boy! I've brought you some water."

At these words Willie opened his eyes. Water! O how good the very thought was to the thirsty boy!

The soldier raised Willie's head so that he was able to drink. How good, how refreshing the clear, cool water would be to his burning lips!

Just as Willie raised his head he caught sight of Jack's face, white and suffering.

Putting up a weak white little hand, Willie

gently pushed the cup from him and said, "No; I can wait. Give the water to Jack."

Willie's head sank back on the soldier's arm; but after a moment he spoke again. "Jack needs the water more than I. Jack carried the flag. I only carried a drum."

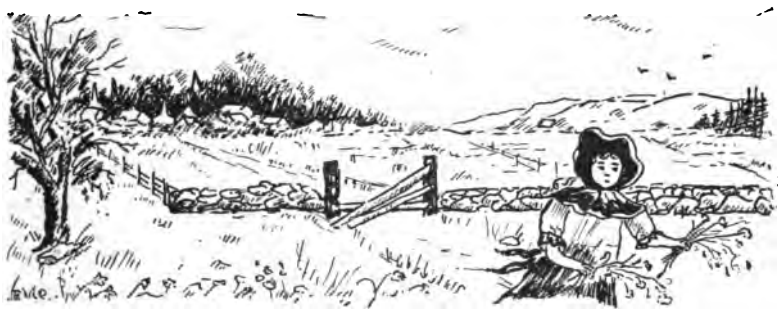
The soldier said, "But take a little, just a swallow, my poor boy!"

Willie turned his eyes again, and, seeing how little was in the cup, he said, "No; there is only enough for Jack. No, no; give the water to him."

Willie was so persistent that the soldier passed on and offered the water to Jack. He drank it eagerly.

After a little while Willie was taken from the field and was cared for kindly. He grew stronger each day; and he was soon the same merry, thoughtful boy that he had been before.

After Jack got well, he was one day told how Willie had sent the water to him. Then tears came into Jack's eyes, and he said, "Willie is better fitted to carry the flag than I. He did what no other would have done. He is the bravest of us all."



THE CITY CHILD.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ULYSSES AND THE WINDS.

Ē′ ŏ lŭs	voy′ ā ġ ȼ	dĭs ŏ bē′ dĭ ȼnt
Ĭl′ ĭ ŭm	lĕ ȼth′ ẽr	câr ȼ′ fụl lў
g ȼärd	sāf ȼ′ tў	cŏm pĕl ȼd′

Ever and ever so many years ago, there was a long war between the people of Greece and the people who lived in Ilium, across the water. This cruel war lasted ten years.

One of the greatest of the generals among the Greeks was Ulysses. He fought bravely and did many wonderful deeds. When this long war was ended, Ulysses started to sail away to his home on a small Greek island, far beyond the sea.

Many things happened to Ulysses on his voyage; and before he reached his home several years had passed. At one city where he had landed, he fought a battle and lost several of his ships.

At another time, with his men he went ashore at the island where Æolus lived. Now Æolus was "King of the Winds." He could send forth the winds at his will, or he could keep them shut up. And he lived in a great hall on this island.

King Æolus was very friendly to Ulysses. He begged that Ulysses, with his men, would stay on the island a whole month.

At the end of that time Ulysses said to the king, "I must now sail for home. I wish there might be fine weather and fair breezes."

Then Æolus said, "If you will take good care of a present that I can give to you, your voyage shall be short and happy."

Æolus then gave to Ulysses a large leather bag tied with a stout cord of silver. Now the king had put into this bag all the rough and dangerous winds. He had left loose only the fair wind. It would drive home in safety the ships of Ulysses.

The king gave the bag to Ulysses and said, "Do not open this bag. Guard it carefully. If you should open it, all the rough and dangerous winds will burst forth and your ships will be driven far from their true course."

Ulysses, consenting, fastened the bag of winds to the mainmast. He told his men that they must not touch it. But never a man looked at the bag without wondering what was inside.

Nine days the ships flew before the fair wind.

Ulysses guided the helm of the foremost ship, and carefully guarded the bag.

On the tenth day, he saw far off the mountains of his island home. And he said, "Now that I am so near home, I may sleep."

While he was sleeping the sailors gathered around the bag. One said, "I believe it contains gold and silver given to Ulysses by Æolus." Another said, "Let us untie the cord!"

Then they slyly cut the silver cord. It snapped, and, with a roar, out rushed the rude rough winds. The ships tossed wildly and the great waves rolled high.

The whirling of the ship and the loud roars of the gale wakened Ulysses; and he wept bitterly. Constantly the ships were driven farther back, back to the island they had left!

When they had once more landed at the island of Æolus, Ulysses asked again for his help.

But Æolus said, "I cannot help you. You have been careless and disobedient." So the men were compelled to use the oars. And many a rough day did they have before Ulysses reached his home.

THE BOYHOOD OF WHITTIER.

Whĭt′ tĭ ẽr	bĕnch′ ĕs̲	pŭb′ lĭsh𝆑d
Hā′ vẽr ɬĭlɬ	boy′ ho͝od	sûr prīs̲𝆑d′
bâr𝆑′ fo͝ot	wīnd′ ĭng	straẉ′ bĕr rĭ𝆑s̲

In the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, stands an old farmhouse. Around it there are fields and orchards. Not far away a brook ripples by.

In that house, in 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. He was a poet.

One of his poems tells us of a place much like his own home.

"There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall."

John Whittier was a farmer's son. He loved the paths by the winding brook, the broad river, the lake, and the green woods and fields.

In summer he used to run about with bare feet. Perhaps his straw hat got torn, but he did not mind that. He was always happy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER.

He knew where to find the first wild flowers and strawberries. He knew where the whitest lilies grew. He knew where to look for the homes of squirrels and rabbits.

In one of his poems, — it is called "The Barefoot Boy," — he tells us about such boyhood days.

When he was seven years old he began to go to school. The schoolhouse was a very small one. It had but one room. There were high benches for the large boys and low benches for the little ones. In a poem called "In School Days" we can read about that school.

When he was fourteen years old he found some poems written by Robert Burns. The boy loved to read them; and he said, "I, too, will write verses." From time to time he wrote; though he did not let any one see his verses. But one day his sister found one of the pieces he had written. She liked it so much that she sent it to an editor. The editor liked it, too, and he published it. The boy was surprised to see his verses in print; but he was not sorry. After that, he wrote very often. He became one of the few great American poets.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy! . . .

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; . . .
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH.

prīz$\not{e}$	ăr′ rō$\not{w}$ y̆	rē mĕm′ bẽr
mo̤v′ ĭng	shăd′ ō$\not{w}$s̤	åft′ ẽr nōōn′
bĭt′ tẽr	shōōt′ ĭng	cȯm′ fort ĕd

It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point.

I threw out my line, as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water, in imitation of the leap of a frog.

Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line

with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly.

"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun.

"Uncle," I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize. . . .

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook.

He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There, to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadows fall the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

RUTH IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

glēȧn	rĕ wạrd′	Bĕth′ lĕ hĕm
stạlks	bụsh′ ĕl	lăȼkȩd
rēȧp′ ẽrs	bär′ lȩў	hăp′ pȩnȩd

A very long time ago, and in a country very far from this, there lived a woman whose name was Naomi. She was a widow.

She had had two sons. The names of the sons' wives were Orpah and Ruth. But these sons had died.

Then the three women lived by themselves in one family. They were very poor. Sometimes they could hardly get bread enough to eat.

In the country where these women lived, the hot sun sometimes killed the grain. This made life all the harder for the three poor women.

Because they were so very, very poor, Naomi thought it best for her two daughters-in-law to go back and live each in her old home.

Orpah did go; but Ruth said she would not leave her mother alone. She would stay with her as long as they both should live.

RUTH GLEANING. *Thos. Stothard.*

After that, there was less food than before. But Naomi had heard that there was plenty of grain in the fields about Bethlehem.

Bethlehem was not far away. So the mother and this daughter found their way to that place.

When there, Ruth said to her mother, "Let me go and get food for you. I will glean after the reapers in some field. I will pick up the stalks of grain that are left."

Her mother said, "Go, my daughter."

Soon Ruth came to a field owned by a rich man named Boaz. And she began to glean there.

This was in the morning; and Boaz came into the field to learn how the work went on.

Seeing Ruth, he said to the man in charge of the reapers, "What young woman is that?"

The man had heard the story of Ruth and her mother. He told Boaz about them. Then Boaz spoke to Ruth.

He said, "Stay and glean in this field. Go nowhere else. Whenever you are thirsty, you will find water in the jar. At the noon hour, go and take food with the others. I have heard of your kindness to your poor old mother."

And he said, "God will reward you!"

Ruth went at meal-time and ate with the reapers. They treated her kindly.

Then she gleaned again, till the sun went down. She beat out the grain from the straw; and she had nearly a bushel of barley.

She put the barley into a sack, lifted the sack of barley to her shoulder, and she went away to her mother.

She told her mother everything that had happened; and that night the two women had food enough, and they were glad.

From that time until the end of the harvest Ruth went, day by day, and gleaned in the same great field.

She and her mother no longer lacked for food, as they had done in their old home. Now they had plenty.

Long after all the harvest had been gathered, Boaz took Ruth to be his wife. He had seen how kind she had been to her mother.

Ruth's home was then in the midst of the fields where she had gleaned. Her mother — who had been so sad — became very happy.

HERCULES AND PALLAS.

Hĕr′ cū lēs̱	Grēȼk	mŏn′ stĕr
fā′ mȼŭs	quī′ ĕt	lärġ′ ĕr
bĕ cȯmȼ′	härd′ ĕr	Păl′ lăs

Hercules was a famous Greek hero. Once, when he was traveling a quiet road, a strange great animal came suddenly upon him.

It looked very angry and seemed about to spring upon him.

Hercules lifted up his heavy club and struck the animal, — once, twice, three times.

He thought the beast would then be quiet; but, to his surprise, it had become three times as large as before, and looked far more angry.

Hercules raised his club again, and gave one heavy blow after another. The faster and harder the blows fell, the larger the animal grew.

The monster became nearly as broad as the road. Just then Pallas came near. She cried out, "Stop, Hercules! Cease your blows! The monster's name is 'Strife.' Let him alone and he will soon become no larger than he was at first."

THE LITTLE PLANT.

stẽrn′ lў	lĭn′ dȩn	rōȧrȩd
sĕv′ ẽr ȧl	lēȧf′ ў	sprĭng′ ĭng
ūsȩ′ lĕsȿ	pōʊrȩd	lăn̲′ guĭshȩd

Away on the edge of the forest stood a little plant, only a hand high, or perhaps still less.

But the ground around it was so cold and hard that the plant could not grow more; and now it had stood there several years and languished.

"Grow, and be beautiful!" said the forest, sternly; but the plant did not grow.

"Do you not wish to grow?" said the magpie;

and then began to tell the little thing how lazy and useless it was; but the words went in at one ear and out of the other.

Still the plant did not grow.

"I will teach you to obey!" roared the wind, and lashed the poor twig with its cold wings, so it came near dying instead of springing up.

"You will surely grow, poor little thing," said the sun so kindly, and poured warm spring rain from the sky, and warmed up the earth around the plant.

And then the little twig shot up and became a beautiful linden, with leafy crown and fragrant blossoms.

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT.

[Translation by Anna von Rydingsvärd.]

CHICKADEES.

Chick-chick-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said Good-day, good Sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WILLIAM TELL.

trēa̍t′ ĕd	tûrn̨d	pĕr′ fĕct lў
mär′ kĕt	dĕ spâi̯r′	trĕm′ bl̨d
ĭn stĕa̍d′	sĕ vēr̨′	Swĭt′ z̨r la̍nd

In the country of Switzerland there was once a cruel ruler whose name was Gessler.

The people were very unhappy. This ruler treated them like slaves.

Gessler once caused a high pole to be raised in the market-place; and on the top of it his own cap was fixed. Then he commanded that every man who passed should bow down before it.

But there was one man who would not bow

down to that cap. Instead of bowing, he laughed at the cap. This man was William Tell.

When Gessler heard of this he was very angry; and he said, "Bring William Tell to me! I will punish him."

Now, William Tell was a great hunter. With bow and arrow he could shoot better than any one else in all that land. William Tell had a young son, whom he loved dearly. Gessler knew this, and he said, "Bring William Tell's son here!

"Stand him here in the market place. Put an apple on the top of his head."

Then Gessler turned to William Tell and said, "With one of your arrows, shoot the apple that is on the head of your boy!"

William Tell begged that Gessler would not command him to do this; for, if the little boy moved when the arrow flew, it might kill him. His hand trembled, for he feared the arrow might not fly true.

"O," cried William Tell, in despair, "you are commanding me to kill my little son!"

Gessler shouted, in angry tone, "Enough of this! Hit that apple with your arrow! If you

fail to shoot, I shall command my soldiers to kill the boy."

Then the little boy said, "Father! I am sure you can hit the apple. I will stand perfectly still."

The little boy stood up straight and steady, without fear. He knew his father could shoot the apple with the arrow and not hit him.

In a moment the arrow went flying through the air. It hit the apple and cut it in two. Away fell the apple! and the people shouted with joy.

As William Tell turned aside, a second arrow, which had been hidden under his coat, fell to the earth.

"Ah ha!" cried Gessler, "what does this second arrow mean?"

"Tyrant," cried William Tell, "that would have killed you, had I hurt my child!"

Not long after this, Gessler seized Tell and put him in chains, to carry him across the lake. A severe storm rose. Gessler knew that only Tell could guide the boat through that storm.

So Gessler ordered him released. The brave man leaped to a rock, and escaped. He afterwards shot Gessler, and helped to free his nation.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus sat all alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee,
While a comical look peeped out at his eye,
For a funny old fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be
In filling his pack with toys;
He had gathered his nuts, and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes:
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store;
While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes,
Hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here;
But one thing more, — I must write them a book,
And give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs on his little round nose
And, seizing the stump of a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away with his box of toys,
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas Eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew;
And, stretching the stocking leg out at the top,
He clapped in a book for you.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.—I.

snōw̸e̸d	shĭv′ ẽr ĭng	çẽr′ tā̸ĭn lў
därk′ nĕs s̸	mĭs̱′ ẽr ў	whĭs′ t̸le̸d
fū′ rĭ ø̸ŭs lў	prŏ jĕct′ ĕd	văn′ ĭshe̸d

It was terribly cold; it snowed and was almost dark on this, the last evening of the year. In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, went along the streets.

When she left home she had slippers on her feet; but what of that? The slippers had once been her mother's; they were far too large for the child.

So the little girl lost them as she sped across the street to get out of the way of two carts driving furiously along.

One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had caught up the other and had run away with it. And the little girl had to walk with naked feet, which were red and blue with cold.

In a red apron she carried a lot of matches, and held a box of them in her hand. No one had

bought anything of her the livelong day; no one had given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, poor little thing, a picture of misery. The snow-flakes covered her beautiful fair hair, which fell in long tresses about her neck; but she did not think of that now.

Lights were shining in all the windows, and there was a tempting smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she was thinking of that.

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she crouched down in a little heap. Although she had drawn her feet up under her, she became colder and colder.

She dared not go home, for she had not sold any matches, nor earned a single penny. She would certainly be beaten by her father; and it was cold at home, too. Above them they had only the roof through which the wind whistled, although the largest cracks had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost numb with cold. One little match might do her good. If she dared take

only one out of the box, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers!

She took one out and lit it. How it sputtered and burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hand over it; it was a wonderful little light, and it really seemed to the child as though she were sitting in front of a great iron stove.

How the fire burned up, and how nicely it warmed her! The little girl was already stretching out her feet to warm those, too, when — out went the little flame, the stove vanished, and she had only the end of a burnt match in her hand.

She struck a second match on the wall. It threw a light, and where this fell upon the wall the wall became transparent like a veil. She could see right into the room.

A white table-cloth was spread upon the table, which was decked with shining china dishes, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums. — Just at that moment out went the match, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was left.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL. — II.

boughs	ăp pēared′	thou′ sand
fī′ ẽr y̆.	lov′ ĭng	strĕtched
trāil	hŭn′ gẽr	dăz′ zlĭng

Then the little girl lighted another match; and at once she sat under the beautiful Christmas tree. It was much larger and better dressed than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's house.

The green boughs were lit up with thousands of candles; and gayly painted figures, like those in the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little girl stretched out her hands towards them and — out went the match!

The Christmas candles rose higher and higher till they were only the stars in the sky. One of them fell, leaving a long fiery trail behind it.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl; for she had been told by her grandmother, — the only person she had ever loved, and who was now dead, — that when a star falls a soul goes up to heaven.

The little girl struck another match on the wall; it was alight once more, and before her stood her old grandmother, all dazzling and bright, and looking very kind and loving.

"Grandmother!" cried the little girl, "O! take me with you. I know that you will go away when the match is burnt out. You will vanish like the warm stove, like the beautiful roast goose, and the large and splendid Christmas tree."

And she quickly lighted the whole box of matches, for she did not wish to let her grandmother go. The matches burned with such a blaze that it was lighter than day, and the old grandmother had never appeared so beautiful or so lovely before.

Taking the little girl in her arms, she flew up with her, high, endlessly high, above the earth. And there they knew neither cold, nor hunger, nor sorrow — for they were with God.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.

mī′ s̱ĕr	rā′s̱ȩd	out′ crȳ
glōȧt	vĭs̱′ ĭt	ŭn ūs̱ȩd′
nō′ tĭçȩd	wĕȧlth	ĕmp′ tў

Once upon a time there was a miser who used to hide his gold at the foot of a tree in his garden.

But every week he used to go and dig up the gold, and gloat over his gains.

A robber, who had noticed this, went and dug up the gold, and carried it away. When the miser next came to gloat over his treasure, he found nothing but the empty hole.

He tore his hair, and raised such an outcry that all the neighbors came around him; and he told them how he used to come and visit his gold.

"Did you ever take any of it out?" asked one of them. "No," he said, "I only came to look at it." "Then come again and look at the hole," said a neighbor; "that will do you just as much good." — Wealth unused may as well not exist.

Æsop.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

"O, where are you going, my dear little bird?
And why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
Has come to my children and me.

"So, good-by to you, darling, for off we must go,
To the land where the oranges bloom,
For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the snow,
And forget how to sing in the gloom."

"Will you ever come back to your own little nest?"
"Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
We'll return to the orchard we all love the best,
And then we will sing to you, dear."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

căb′ ĭn	crăc̸ks	Ā′ brȧ hăm
hŭm′ blc̸	nō′ blc̸	Lĭn̲c′ c̸l̸n
çĕn′ trȧl	cûr′ tȧĭn̲s	Kĕn tŭc̸k′ y̆

Let us now read about a rude cabin that once stood in the heart of a forest in the great central state of Kentucky.

Let us read about a boy who was born in that humble home, and learn what a noble man he grew to be.

The father of this boy had built with his own hands the cabin in which they were to live.

This cabin was built of logs. Through wide cracks between the logs the snow sometimes came, and the rain often swept across the floor. There was one opening for a window and one for a door. For curtains over these openings, skins of wild animals were hung.

The floor was of hard earth. There were no pretty carpets on it. The table and the stools were made of rough logs and limbs of trees.

One cold day, — the 12th of February, 1809, — a baby boy came to live in this cabin. His father's name was Lincoln. The boy was named Abraham.

This boy grew, and grew fast, in that wild home. When he had become too large for the cradle, he was put to sleep in a little loft. He used to climb up there by means of a ladder. His bed was made of leaves from the forest.

Abraham loved those deep woods. He passed many hours in wandering through them. He loved the flowers and the birds and the wild animals that lived there.

With his father he often took long tramps through the forest. Sometimes they shot wild turkeys. They did not kill animals except for food.

Once, when the father had shot a bear, Abraham's mother made for him a little coat and a cap from the dried skin of the bear. She also made for him some warm shoes. In the summer time he went barefoot.

Abraham's mother taught him to read, and she told him beautiful stories from the Bible.

The boy was very glad when he was old enough to go to school. The schoolhouse was rude and small, but in it Abraham learned quickly — even more quickly than some of those schoolmates who were grown-up men and women.

The schoolmates had lessons from only one book, — a spelling book. Abraham was famous in the spelling-class. At home he used to write his words on a wooden shovel, — he had no slate. For a pencil he used a charred stick.

The boy liked to make little speeches to his schoolmates. He would mount a tree stump near the schoolhouse and then talk to the children.

All the while Abraham kept on studying and reading. Once he walked twelve miles to borrow a book he had heard of. He took the book home, and read it gladly by the light of the cabin fire.

Until he was twenty-one years old he owned but three books. One of these books was a life of George Washington.

When this noble boy became a man, he said and did so many good and wise things that the people trusted him. He was so just and true that at last he was made President of this dear country of ours.

Then came a long war. As President, Mr. Lincoln set free four millions of black people who, till then, had been held as slaves.

The people loved Abraham Lincoln. He was a good friend to the poor and the helpless. He loved his country; he loved mankind.

Everywhere and always the name of Abraham Lincoln is to be held in love and honor.

THE GREAT BEAR.

spēa̸r	Jū′ nō	săv′ ă̸g̸e̸	gŏd′ dĕs̸s̸
Är′ cȧs	tĕr′ rĭ ble̸	mĕa̸d′ ŏw̸s̸	Căl lĭs′ tŏ
ĕm brāç̸e̸′	k̸nēe̸s̸	văl′ le̸y̸s̸	nôrth′ ẽrn

Far away among the hills and the pleasant meadows, there once lived a beautiful woman whose name was Callisto.

She was always happy; but of all things she liked best to hunt the wild beasts over the rough hills and through the valleys.

Callisto had a little son named Arcas. One day, when they were playing together in the fields, the great goddess Juno passed by.

Juno saw how beautiful Callisto was, and she said to herself, "I will take away this beauty from Callisto!"

Callisto at once began to feel that a change was taking place in her.

She fell down upon her hands; her knees bent beneath her. A heavy coat of black hair was covering her fair white skin.

She tried to speak, but her sweet voice had changed to a savage growl terrible to hear.

Her eyes had grown large, and had become wild and fierce.

She ran swiftly away to the deep woods. She had now been changed to a huge black bear. For a long time she lived in the lonely woods.

She was afraid of the hunters. When she heard them coming through the forest, she ran wildly away.

How she longed to see her little son! One day she caught sight of him, and she ran to embrace him.

Arcas did not know this was his mother. He thought it was surely a black bear, and he was about to send his spear through her heart.

Just then, a ruler, who had power over all things, caught them both up and placed them in the evening sky as shining stars.

Callisto is the "Great Bear" and Arcas is the "Little Bear." We may see them at night far away in the northern sky.

THE QUEEN BEE.

păd′ dlĭng	rōa̸st	fôr′ tūn¢s
nŭm′ bẽrs	ăl low′	sŭn′ sĕt
sĕn′ t¢nç¢	chām′ bẽr	hū′ ma̸n

ONCE upon a time two sons of a king set out to try their fortunes. Then they spent the time in leading a wild life, and did not return home.

So their youngest brother, Dummling, went to seek them. When he found them, they laughed at him.

The three traveled along together till they came to an ant-hill. The two older brothers wished to overturn this.

"Let us see how frightened the little ants will be, and how they will carry their eggs away," said the oldest brother.

But Dummling said, "Do not touch these little creatures. You shall not destroy the hill which they have made."

Then the three brothers went along till they

came to a lake. On this lake there were ducks, paddling about in great numbers.

The older brothers wished to catch two of the ducks and roast them. But Dummling would not allow them to do so.

He said, "Do not kill these fowls. I will not let you catch them."

At last the three brothers came to a bees' nest. It was so full of honey that the sweet food ran out from the nest.

The two older brothers wished to make a fire under the nest and kill the bees, so as to get the honey.

But Dummling held them back. He said, "Don't kill the little things. You shall not touch them."

After this the three brothers came to a castle. In this castle stood several stone horses. But no man was to be seen.

The brothers went through all the rooms. At last they came to a stone table. On this table three sentences had been written.

These sentences told of three things that must be done to set free three sleeping princesses.

The first sentence was this: "Under the moss in the wood are hidden the pearls of the king's daughter. There are a thousand of those pearls.

They must be sought for. If, at sunset, one pearl be lacking, the searcher will be changed into stone."

The oldest brother went off and searched the whole day. He searched carefully; but he found only a hundred pearls. At sunset he was changed into stone.

The next day the second brother tried his chance. But he found only two hundred pearls. *He* was changed into stone.

Next came Dummling's turn. He searched the moss. But it was very hard to find the pearls.

So Dummling sat down on a stone and wept. As he sat there, the ant-king, whose life he had once saved, came up with five thousand other ants.

Before long the ants had found the thousand pearls and piled them in a heap.

But the second task was to get from the lake the key of the chamber of the princess. The brothers had passed this lake.

When Dummling went back to the lake, the ducks that he had saved from death swam up to him. Then, diving down, they brought up the key.

The third task was the hardest of the three. It was, to say which was prettiest of the king's three daughters.

They were then all asleep. All looked alike, except that, before they went to sleep, each had eaten a different sweet thing.

The oldest had eaten a piece of sugar; the second, a little syrup; and the youngest, a spoonful of honey.

Pretty soon, in came the Queen Bee of all the bees. She was one of those that Dummling had saved from the fire.

At last she rested on the lips of the princess who had eaten the honey. Then the king's son knew which was the true princess. So the spell was broken. Every one was waked up. Those who had been changed to stone became human again.

Then Dummling married the prettiest princess; and, after his father's death, Dummling became king.

[Adapted.]

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

THE NAIL.

wârȩs	păȩkȩd	ŭn lŭȩk′ y̆
trŭnk	mĕr′ chȩant	ăn′ swẽrȩd
hŭr′ ry̆	stŭm′ blȩ	blăȩk′ smĭth
fōrçȩd	cȩauşȩd	trȩŭ′ blȩ

A merchant had done a good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and had lined his money-bags with gold and silver.

Then he wanted to travel homeward, and be in his own house before nightfall. So he packed his trunk with the money, placed it on his horse, and then he rode away.

At noon he rested in a town; and when he wanted to go on, the stable-boy brought out the horse, and said: —

"A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of the left hind foot."

"Let it be wanting," answered the merchant; "the shoe will certainly stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry."

In the afternoon, when he stopped once more and had his horse fed, the stable boy came to him,

and said, "Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?"

"Let it still be wanting," answered the man; "the horse can very well go on for the two miles that I have yet to go. I am in haste."

He rode forth; but before long the horse began to limp. It had not limped long before it began to stumble; it had not stumbled long before it fell down and broke a leg.

The merchant was forced to leave the horse where it was, and unbuckle the trunk, take it on his back, and go home on foot.

He did not get there till late at night. "And that unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has caused all this trouble."

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost.

"POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."

FAIRY-FOLK.

The story-books have told you
  Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leather aprons
  Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
  Like a cap upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
  Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

ALICE CARY.

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

ēa̍v ̷e̍s̷	spăr′ rō̷w	swa̍l′ lō̷ws̷
flŏ̷k	fŏr′ e̍ĭg̷n	twĭt′ tēr̷e̍d
frē̷e̍ze̍	lŭx′ u̍ rў	k̷nŏ̷wl′ ĕ̍dg̷e̍

One day, late in the fall, a little sparrow sat all alone on a tree outside of my window. He was born late in the summer, and the tiny nest under the eaves was his childhood's home.

He did not know what winter had in store for him, because he had never heard any one talk about it.

A flock of swallows sailed past. They stopped and spoke to the little sparrow.

"Will you not go with us, little sparrow, to the southern lands?"

The sparrow gazed at him in surprise.

"Here I was born," said he, "here I first looked into my mother's eyes, and here in the garden I learned to fly. How could I leave this place? I should die of grief in that strange land."

"O, you would not die there," said the swallows. "It is so pleasant and beautiful there, that you would soon forget this cold land.

The skies there are so blue, the earth so green, the brooks and the lakes so clear, and the sun shines so warm and soft.

But the winter will soon be here; the water will soon freeze to ice; the ground will be covered with snow, and the trees will be bare and leafless.

The north wind will blow so cold, and you will not be able to find any food. You will die of cold and hunger."

But the little sparrow still sat there.

"'Way off there in the foreign land the sun may be warm and the earth rich," said he, "and perhaps I shall die here of hunger. But even if I should, I had rather stay in my native land than live in luxury there."

But a little white bird came from heaven, and seated itself beside the little sparrow and twittered:

"Do not be afraid, little sparrow. God will care for those who love their native land so tenderly, because without his knowledge not a single little bird can fall to the earth."

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT.

[Translation by Anna von Rydingsvärd.]

THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS.

bē∕ast	är′ mĭ∕ȿ	ŭn′ dĕr nē∕th′
tōrn	rē trē∕t′	rē joi′ çĭng
ĕls∕	pē∕çe	lŭck′ ĭ lў

A great battle was about to take place between the birds and the beasts. When the two armies met, the bat did not know which to join.

The birds that passed his perch said, "Come with us!" But he said, "I am a beast."

Later, some beasts who were passing underneath him looked up and said, "Come with us!" But he said, "I am a bird."

Luckily, at the last moment, peace was made, and no battle took place. So the bat came to the birds and wished to join in the rejoicing. But they all turned against him, and he flew away.

He then went to the beasts, but had soon to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces.

"Ah," said the bat, "I see now, that he who is neither one thing nor the other has no friends."

ÆSOP.

THE CHILD HANDEL.

pĭ ȧn′ ō	păl′ ăç∉	lạw′ yẽr
vĭ ō lĭn′	Hăn′ d∉l	sĕv′ ∉n tў
clăv′ ĭ ch̸ôrd	Ġẽr′ mȧ nў	ĭn′ strụ m∉nt

More than two hundred years ago, there lived in Germany a little boy whose name was George Frederick Handel.

When this boy was only three years of age, he loved music more than anything else. But his father, who was nearly seventy years old, hoped the boy would some day be a lawyer.

So he would not even let the child *listen* to music. But one day some one gave to the boy a tiny violin. How he loved it! How happy the little fellow was!

But when the father learned that the child had a violin, he burned it. The little boy was very unhappy without his precious violin.

When he became a little older he heard some one play on a clavichord. This instrument is somewhat like a small piano. To little Handel nothing had ever seemed so beautiful.

He then begged that he might have some instrument to play upon. His mamma wished her little boy to be happy, so a queer little old instrument was bought for him.

It was brought to their home and placed in the garret, where it could be heard by nobody but the one who played upon it. The strings were bound with cloth, so the sounds were faint.

Little six-year-old Handel had never before been so happy. There, in the old garret under the stork's nest, he would play for hours.

One night the little boy was not in his bed at the usual time. Where could he be?

The family looked everywhere for him. Through all the dark rooms they went. The father held up the lantern before them.

At last, up, up the narrow stairs they climbed; and in the garret they found the boy. He was sitting in a great chair and making sweet music at the instrument.

Many nights, when every one else was asleep, he would creep softly up to the old garret, and there he would play for several hours.

When he was seven years old, he went to a great palace. It was the palace of a duke. Little Handel wandered through the rooms, and at last he came to the chapel. Here was a great organ.

He climbed upon the high organ seat and began to play. He had never heard anything so grand. On and on he played. How beautiful the sounds were!

Soon the great duke heard the music. He had never before heard a little boy play so well.

"Wonderful!" said the duke. And he begged the father to let the child study music. The father promised; and soon the boy became famous.

When he grew older he wrote grand music. Some of it is sung in our great churches to-day.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SNOWDROP AND SNOWBANK.

smīl¢d	tŏs$¢d	clōs̱′ ĭng
sound′ lў	brāv¢′ lў	shĭv′ ẽr¢d
chē¢r′ fụl	lĭft′ ĭng	whĭs′ pẽr ĭng

Long, long ago, a strange thing happened to Snowdrop. She woke one winter's day, before any other of the flowers. They were all sleeping soundly under thick blankets of white snow.

Little Snowdrop had thrown aside her blanket, and she opened her eyes. She saw the clear blue sky, and the round jolly face of the sun looking at her. She saw, too, the pine trees nodding and whispering to each other.

She raised her head and said, "It must be spring! It is very warm." And she asked the

pines, "Is this a spring day?" The pines swayed to and fro, and said, "No, no! Sleep, sleep! It is not yet spring."

But Snowdrop would not listen. She would not go to sleep again. She said, "I can hold up my head, even if the strong winds do blow. I do not care for them."

She was very cold and her face was very white. As she grew taller her head felt very heavy. When the northeast wind struck her, it tossed her about. She shivered, and soon she was not able to raise her head. Then how sad little Snowdrop felt!

She wished she had slept a little longer. She was very lonely, too, for not another flower was awake. Not a bird could she see. There was snow all about her, and the sun looked pale.

Each day Snowdrop grew more and more sad. "O, if I had only waited!" she said; "I do not care to live any longer." She dropped her head lower. The little leaves were closing fast.

Snowbank was sorry to see Snowdrop drooping and sad; so it sparkled like a thousand diamonds, and tried to look bright and cheerful.

Snowdrop said, "I wish I were as cheerful as

the snow; but, really, there is nothing for me to do."

Just then a beautiful angel came and stood by little Snowdrop. "What a pure, sweet flower," said the angel. "Will you do something for me?" she asked sweetly.

Snowdrop smiled for joy; she trembled in all her leaves; and sweet music was heard. The music seemed like the sound of a tiny bell.

The angel said, "I want you to wake all the other flowers from their winter sleep. Every year let your little bell ring and tell the other flowers it is time to open their eyes."

Snowdrop was very happy then. She was glad to be of use to some one. She bent down her pretty head once more, to be nearer her friends, and she began to ring her little bell.

When she saw the other flowers lifting up their bright eyes, she said, "They have heard my voice. Surely they needed me."

Every year little Snowdrop comes early. She does not fear the chilling winds. She does not mind the cold storms, but bravely pushes her way through the snow, to do her lovely work.

THE BOY AND THE COLT.

tȧsk	Ō hī′ ō	cŏn′ qu̸ĕr¢d
plēa̸s¢d	ăc çĕpt′	dĕ çīd′ ĕd
brī′ dl¢	plŭnġ¢d	prŏmp̸t′ lў

When Ulysses Grant was a boy he very much liked horses. If there was a wild and savage horse that no one else dared to ride, young Grant would be willing to mount, and he would ride off without fear.

Near the boy's little home in Ohio there was a man who lived on a farm. This man had seen Ulysses train many a wild colt. As he himself owned a colt that was very savage, he decided that he would ask young Grant to train the animal.

The boy was too proud to accept money for such work. The man had thought of this, and so he decided upon a plan.

In what seemed to be great haste, he went one morning to the boy, and said, "I wish you would carry this note from me to a man in town. You know where he lives. Take my horse, and go."

The ten-year-old boy said promptly, "I will go."

Rosa Bonheur.

A NOBLE CHARGER.

He took the bridle into his hand. With a bound he was mounted, and ready for the start.

Just as the boy rode away, the man shouted, "I want to see whether you can ride that colt!"

It proved a hard task for young Grant. But he had never given up. He would not give up now. The young horse threw up his head, kicked up his heels, and plunged forward and back. Then very swiftly he galloped away on the road to town.

The boy spoke in kind tones to the animal; but all the way along the road the pace was wild. Past houses and barns and fields they went. But the little fellow held fast and firmly on. He was not by any means to be thrown.

He reached the town, and left the note. When halfway home the young horse stopped his running. The little boy astride felt very weary. But he had conquered the savage young horse that had tried so hard to throw him, and in his heart the boy was glad.

The owner of the horse was very much pleased. But the boy said, to himself, "The man planned it all in order to get his horse trained. The whole truth should have been told to me at first."

DAISY'S FLOWER PEOPLE.

nȯth′ ĭng	dā/n′ tў	fā/th′ fu̯l lў
frā′ gr∕ant	scär′ lĕt	tĕn′ dēr lў
păn′ s̱ĭ∕s̱	rē̆ çē/v∕d	splĕn′ dĭd

Daisy had nothing but flowers in her little plot, and it bloomed all summer long with a succession of gay or fragrant posies.

She was very fond of her garden, and delved away in it at all hours, watching over her roses and pansies, sweet peas and mignonette, as faithfully and tenderly as she watched over her dolls or her friends.

Little nosegays were sent into town on all occasions, and certain vases about the house were her especial care.

She had all sorts of pretty fancies about her flowers, and loved to tell the children the story of the pansy, and show them how the step-mother leaf sat up in her green chair in purple and gold.

She told how the two children in gay yellow had each its little seat, while the step-children, in dull colors, both sat on one small stool, and the poor little father, in his red night-cap, was kept out of sight in the middle of the flower; that a monk's dark face looked out of the monk's-hood larkspur; that the flowers of the canary-vine were so like dainty birds fluttering their yellow wings, that one almost expected to see them fly away.

Splendid dollies did she make out of scarlet and white poppies, with ruffled robes tied round the waist with grass-blade sashes, and astonishing hats of coreopsis on their green heads.

Pea-pod boats, with rose-leaf sails, received these flower people, and floated them about a placid pool in the most charming style; for, finding that there were no elves, Daisy made her own, and loved the fanciful little friends who played their parts in her summer life.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
  Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LOST HATCHET.

pōōl	dīv¢d	rĕ tûrn¢d′
wĕpt	bĕ nē¢th′	sĕ cūr¢′
chânç¢	Mĕr′ cŭ rў	gr¡ēf

A workman was cutting wood by the side of a river. By chance his ax dropped into a deep pool. Having now lost the means of earning money, he sat down and wept.

Just then, Mercury came to him and asked him why he sat there in tears. The workman said, "I have lost my ax in the water."

When Mercury heard this, he jumped into the stream; and, bringing up a golden ax, said, "Is this the ax you have lost?"

"No," said the honest workman, "it is not." Mercury dived beneath the water a second time, and, bringing up a silver ax, said, "Is *this* the ax you have lost?"

"No," said the workman again, "it is not." Mercury then dived into the pool a third time, and brought up the ax that the poor workman had dropped into the water.

Then the honest workman said, "Ah, this is my own ax! It is the one I lost." How happy he was to have it once more!

Mercury was so much pleased with the honesty of this good workman that he gave to him the gold ax and the silver ax also.

The workman soon returned home. He told to his friends what had happened.

One of them at once said, "I will go to the river and drop my ax into it. I may secure the same good fortune."

So he ran to the river, and, at the same place, he threw his own ax into the water. He then sat down upon the bank to weep.

Just as he had hoped, Mercury came to him. Having heard the cause of the man's grief, Mercury jumped into the river and brought up an ax of gold. "Is this the ax you have lost?" said he.

This workman seized it greedily, and said, "Truly, this is the very same ax I lost!"

Mercury was not pleased with this untruth. So he not only took away the ax of gold, but he would not dive for the man's own ax.

ÆSOP.

A GREEK HERO.

Grēȩçȩ	ān′ cient	ēȧsȩ
Ăth′ ĕnṣ	wạn′ dẽr	ī′.ṛȯn
Thē′ sȩūs	bĕggȩd	wĕȧp′ ȯn

In the ancient land of Greece once lived a boy named Theseus. He had never seen his father. This boy lived with his mother in the royal palace of his grandfather.

Near this great palace there was a grove of beautiful trees. Beneath their thick shade the mother and the son would often wander.

In that lovely spot the boy liked to hear his mother tell of the brave deeds of his father.

One day, after Theseus had grown to be a strong boy, his mother led him to a great rock. "See

whether you can move this rock," she said; "if you can do that, you may go to meet your father. He is king of Athens."

But the boy was not strong enough to stir the rock. Day by day he tried, and he failed. After a time he could move the rock a little.

At last he was able to move it with ease. And, underneath, what did he find but a box holding a beautiful sword and golden sandals!

Then the mother said, "Many years ago your father placed these here. He told me that when you could move the rock you were to go to him."

Theseus was glad to go. His grandfather begged him to take the short, safe way, and go by sea. But Theseus said, "I want to be a hero, like Hercules. I will kill robbers. I will go by land."

On the very first day of his travels, he met a strong savage who always carried a weapon of iron. All travellers were afraid of him, but Theseus was not frightened. He quickly took from the savage his iron weapon, and killed him. Then the people were glad, for they were safe.

Theseus met many wild beasts; but he killed

every one. And on he went, over rough, steep mountains. Fierce robbers were there. They would have liked to kill him; but Theseus was stronger than they.

After Theseus had at last come to Athens, a wicked woman told the father that a young man was about to kill him.

This made the king very angry. He said, "I will punish that young man!" He little thought that the stranger was his own boy!

So he gave to Theseus a poisoned cup, and smiled, and said, "Drink this." As Theseus took the cup, the father looked carefully at the sword and the sandals, and cried, "My son! my son!"

Theseus was made happy by being with his father.

Once the people of Athens were in grief, because fourteen young persons were to be wickedly carried away to a lonely island. On that island was a fierce beast living in a cave.

Theseus said, "I will kill that beast." With his sword he went boldly into the cave. After a fierce struggle he killed the beast. So he saved the lives of the fourteen young persons.

A LITTLE LADY.

pāv¢′ m¢nt	cō¢st′ ĭng	wĭst′ fụl lў
rē spĕct′ ȧ bl¢	tŭm′ bl¢	out strĕ¢ch¢d′
slĭpp¢d	ĕx pĕct′ ĭng	grāt¢′ fụl

Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman, slowly and timidly picking her way.

She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.

Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down, and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.

At the corner, I passed three little schoolgirls, and heard one say to another, "O, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting, unless we hurry."

"But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I should feel so bad," returned the second, a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

"She's such a funny looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.

"Well, I don't care; she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and running by me, I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing, looking wistfully over the dangerous glare of ice before her.

"Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully outstretched.

"O, thank you, dear. I'd no idea the walking was so bad; but I must get home." And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

"Take my arm, then; I'll help you down the street, for I'm afraid you might fall," said the child, offering her arm.

"Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I've been having a dreadful time, for my over-socks are all holes, and I slip at every step."

"Keep hold, ma'am, I won't fall. I have rubber boots, and can't tumble."

So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving me and the other girls to look after them and wish that we had done the little act of kindness, which now looked so lovely in another.

"I think Katy is a very good girl, don't you?" said one child to the other.

"Yes, I do; let's wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coasts," answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.

Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy, dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, the old socks, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hands on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever so poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was—"God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

THE BOER AND HIS HORSE.

THE DUTCH BOER AND HIS HORSE.

hĕlm	plow	wọlv¢s
quāk¢	tĭl¢d	fō¢m¢d
sûrġ¢	Dŭ¢ch	p¢ērç¢d

When I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears.

The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch Boer, which means a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with plow and hoe.

He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night.

She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire too, if he wished it.

But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man.

A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills.

Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings.

Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight.

It rode on the high, white waves, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs.

There was no wood or time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great, white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft, and their hearts were sick in them.

Then the Dutch Boer was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse.

Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there for one breath of time.

He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail, swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

At the soft touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of old and young. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes.

She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell fast down on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them.

He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart.

She walked straight out in the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the wild surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes.

Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

The tug was for a life that she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it halfway between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch Boer and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death. Both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for the young.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE DISCONTENTED THRUSH.

thrŭsh	ŏl′ ĭvɸ	tọ mŏr′ rŏw
sī′ lɸnt	gôr′ ġɸɸŭs	jɸûr′ nɸў
hўmn	dăz′ zlɸd	plĕąs′ ūrɸ

A Bird Fairy lived in the midst of a beautiful wood. This Fairy Queen had given to each bird a precious gift.

The little Hermit Thrush, who had her pretty nest on the ground near the Fairy's home, had always been very happy with her gift of song, so delicate and so sweet. But one evening she was silent.

The fine trills of her sweet evening hymn were

not heard. The song was missed by the Fairy Queen, and she came to ask the Thrush why she was silent.

"What is the matter?" said the Fairy Queen, as she peeped into the pretty nest made of moss, coarse hair, and pine needles.

"I believe every other bird has a finer suit than mine," said the little Thrush. "I am tired of this plain suit of olive brown. It is neither brown nor gray, and it begins to look rusty.

I think, too, I should like a home in some other part of the world. It is lonely here in these woods. Yes, I should like a dress of bright red, so as to be admired by every one."

The Fairy Queen looked tenderly toward the little Thrush, and said, "To-morrow you may go to the home of the Red-bird. Stay there one week. Then come back and tell me of your visit."

The next morning the Thrush set out with pleasure on her journey. She saw on the way many things such as she had never seen before.

At the end of the week she came back to her old home. With tears in her eyes, she begged the Fairy Queen never to send her away again.

"Dear one," said the Fairy Queen, "Do not be so troubled; but tell me about your visit. Is not the Red-bird admired by every one?"

The Thrush cried softly to herself a few moments, and then said, "I was dazzled by the beauty of the Red-bird. Such a gorgeous dress I had never seen! He was so dignified and so courtly, too!

He never was willing to walk on the ground, lest that might soil his feet. He seldom flew below the level of the tops of the laurel bushes. I admired him, and was very happy until, one day, I saw several of his family in a cage.

'Where are they going?' I asked. 'To Europe,' he said sadly. 'Many of our friends are sent there every year. Two of my children are going. I shall never see them again!' And tears came into his eyes.

One day we went among the green woods. I said, 'Now will you not sing for me?' He began with a strong, rich whistle. It sounded like the high notes of a fife that I once heard. 'How beautiful!' I thought. 'Now I shall hear a song finer and more glorious than I have ever heard before in all my life!' I listened.

After whistling several times he suddenly stopped. 'Bang! bang!' went a gun.

The beautiful Red-bird fell from my side, down, down like a bright red star, through the green leaves of the forest trees.

The thick green trees could not hide his bright red suit, for a cruel sportsman had caught sight of him far up among the boughs. I, in my dull, sober suit, could not be seen; but I looked through the leaves, and saw the man.

Why was the bright songster so cruelly shot? Perhaps some woman wished for that pretty suit, so that she might wear it upon her hat. How sad I feel when I think: my sweet friend is dead!

I could not stay longer from my dear old home. Now, I do not wish for a beautiful new bright dress, nor wish to be admired by all. It is enough for me that my children and my friends love me.

I am glad my gift is a quiet, contented spirit, with the power of making others happy by my song. I am glad my song brings peace."

Ever since that time, the Hermit Thrush has sung her sweet evening hymn that soothes the souls of men.

THE GENERAL AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

dâr′ ĭng	pȧth′ wā∕	wĕl′ fâr∕
căp′ tūr∕d	härm′ lĕs∕	ĭn′ st∕ant lў
prĭ̱s′ ∕on ẽṟs	crŭsh∕d	rē∕a′ s̱∕on

Not many soldiers have proved so daring in fight as was the brave General Custer.

Few leaders not having command of great armies have captured more flags, guns, and prisoners than were taken by him.

Though so dashing and brave when he met an enemy in arms, General Custer was gentle and tender to helpless dumb creatures.

Once, General Custer was riding over the wide western plains, and behind him came his troops. Tramp, tramp went the feet of the horses.

At a certain point the general's sharp eye suddenly caught sight of a frightened little bird. He saw her nest and the young birds in it. It was directly in the pathway in which he was leading his men. Should those little lives be crushed by the feet of horses?

No; he would not bring sorrow to that harmless mother-bird. He would save her young from the iron tread of the horses that were following. He well knew

> "The wise and strong should seek
> The welfare of the weak."

Instantly reining his horse aside, he commanded a change in the line of march. The troops obeyed, of course, but wondered.

They soon understood. As they advanced they saw the nest on the ground and the helpless pretty creatures in the nest.

Then the soldiers knew what a tender heart was beating in the breast of their brave leader.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street
  Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
  Where she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
  "Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
  And a trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

mŏd′ ĕst lў	vĕn′ tu̇rȼ	fō′ lĭ ȧġȼ
dĭs dāȷ̇n′	cŭn′ nĭng	cŏn ç̇ēȼlȼd′
ĕs tēȼmȼd′	nĭm′ blў	mĭs̱′ ĕr ȧ blȼ

It happened one day that a cat met a fox in a forest. "Ah," thought the cat, "he is clever and has good sense. He is much esteemed in the world. I will speak to him."

"Good day, dear Mr. Fox! How are you? How are all things going with you? How are you getting along during this season?"

The fox, full of pride and disdain, looked at the cat from her head to her feet, and for a long time did not know whether to answer or not.

At last he said, "O, you wretched whisker-creature! You hungry mouse-hunter! What can you be thinking of, to venture to ask how I am getting on? What have *you* learned? How many fine tricks do *you* know?"

"I know only one trick," replied the cat, very modestly.

"What trick is that?" asked the fox.

"Well," said the cat, "when the hounds are chasing me, I can spring nimbly up into a tree and I can save myself."

"Is that all?" said the fox. "O, I am master of a hundred tricks; and, besides these, I have a sackful of cunning. I am sorry for you, puss; come with me. I will teach you some good tricks. I will teach you, too, how to get away from the hounds."

At that very moment a hunter came in sight, with four fierce hounds. The cat sprang nimbly into a tree. She sat down near the top of it, where the thick foliage and boughs concealed her. She was safe.

"Open your sack, Mr. Fox! open your sack!" cried the cat to him. But the dogs had already seized the miserable fox and were holding him fast. They were about to tear him in pieces.

"Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat, "your hundred fine tricks seem to be of little use to you! Had you known but *one* trick like mine, had you been able to climb a tree, you could have saved your life, as I saved mine."

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

THE BRAVE GIRL AT THE OAR.—I.

tǒngu̸e̸	crĕst	sōu̸l̲s̲
crăg̲s̲	crăsh	shr̸ēk
strīf̸e̸	strōk̸e̸	join̸e̸d

On the coast of that land on the far side of the wide sea from which we came, and whose tongue we speak, there stood a tall house on a high rock.

That tall house had a great lamp at the top, to light ships and warn them in the night to keep from shore, lest they should dash on the sharp crags and be lost.

In that tall, round, white house, crowned with its lamp, there lived a man, his wife, and his child, a good, brave girl, with a kind heart for all who risked their lives on the sea.

She knew how to trim the great lamp at the top of the house, and she loved to see its bright light shine out far on the wild deep in a night of storm.

When the wind made the house rock from top to base, she lay and thought of the poor men tossed on the white waves, and of those they had left in their homes on the land.

She had learned to ply the oar, and to keep stroke with her father when they went from their rock to the shore to see their friends, or to bring food for their small board.

But a night came when she was to use that oar as she had not done in all her life. That night was black with storm.

The wind was fierce and loud on the sea, and the sea was full of wrath at the wind, and dashed the high white waves in its face.

Both wind and sea grew more fierce and loud in the strife as the dark hours wore on. O, how slowly they passed to the men on ships who looked and prayed for the light of day!

Now they went up on the white crest of the waves, which seemed to touch the clouds, then they went down to deeps from which they might well fear they should rise no more.

In the midst of the great storm, one large ship, with helm gone and sails torn from its masts, went on the black, sharp rocks, a mile from the light-house.

In one half-hour the rocks joined the winds and waves in their mad work, and broke the ship in two.

The hind part went down with a crash, a groan, and a plunge, and bore with it scores of souls whose shrieks could reach no help of man. The fore part stuck fast on the rock, as on a great spike.

Nine lives were left on it; and the sea, like a starved wolf fierce with the taste of blood, sprang at them with a howl. One on the wreck was a wife, with two dead babes drowned in her arms. She held them fast to her breast, as if it would warm them back to life.

How slow the hours wore on! Each was as long as a day to the poor men who clung to the wreck and kept watch for the morn. At last its first rays met their eyes, but it was long ere the sun threw the light of dawn on the scene.

THE BRAVE GIRL AT THE OAR.—II.

dạẇn	sȼēnȼ	yēȺst
vẹ̄il	stout	swĕpt
wīfȼ	shrŭn̲k	pēȺrl

There were three pairs of eyes in the light-house that kept watch for the morn, and three hearts full of the same thoughts for men and ships on the sea. In such a night some of them must go on shore, or sink, far from the sight of land.

The dawn drew up the veil, as it were, inch by inch. Those eyes swept the view with a quick, sharp glance.

Yes, there was a wreck in sight when the waves went back to take their leap on it. They could see the forms of men on it; and the wife with her dead babes at her heart could be seen through the glass.

The storm was as fierce and as loud, and the waves as wild, white, and high as when they drove the ship on the rocks.

The man who kept the light-house was brave, and had more than once put his life at risk to save those near to death. But he at first shrunk from

this new test of love for his kind. His brave girl, with a heart more stout than his at such a scene, stood by him.

She put her hand on his arm, and said, with a voice and a look that made him blush for his first thought of risk, "Father, we must not see them die. I will go with you in the boat."

The rough-clad man looked at the girl as if proud to die with her in such an act. The wife felt the same. The two were her all on earth, but she helped them to push off the boat that bore them on the wild sea whose waves seemed white with wrath.

She stood and saw it, now lost to the eye in the yeast of foam, now for a breath of time on the crest of a high wave.

The brave girl kept stroke with her oar, and her heart grew stout as they rose and sank. Each time they rose they were more near to the wreck. Soon they could hear the shout of the men on board, and see their hands put forth for help.

Yard by yard, rod by rod, the boat drew near to save them, and they could see who were in it. Now it was in reach of the wreck, and as it rose and fell one by one they dropped to its hold.

Thos. Brooks.

GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER.

The wife with her two dead babes was brought down safe. She found in the brave girl what they all saw and felt, one made and sent by God to do a work which his angels of love and help, that fly on wings, might be glad to do.

Now what makes the act of this young girl a pearl of great price in the deeds which the world holds in its best wealth is — the fact that she did not do it for the praise which comes from man.

She had no such thought in her heart when she and her father put out on the wild sea on that gray morn. If no one in the world but he and those whom they brought from the wreck were to know what she did, she would have done it with the same joy in the act.

But it was known all through the world. The Queen heard of it. She felt that it set a new star in her crown and a new pride in her heart.

Now, my young friends, can all of you, can one of you, tell her name? If not, ask those who can.

ELIHU BURRITT.

FABLE.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE LITTLE BIRCH TREE.

rĭfts	lŏft′ ў	pŏv′ ẽr tў
clĭff	shrŭn̲k′ ɸn	ăf fōrd′ ĕd
cɦăs̲ms̲	pō s̲ĭ′ tiȯn	fŏl′ lŏw̸ ĭng

'Way out by the sea, on a rocky cliff, where the wind swept away the earth and moss from rifts and chasms, and the salt water was dashed foaming against the sky, there stood a cold bare rock.

Rough and uneven, without a blade of grass on it, stood the bare cliff, a picture of that hopeless poverty which, having nothing, and hoping nothing, becomes as hard as flint.

But, however it happened, a birch seed came and rested in one of the rifts of the rock. It was of the right sort, because it struck root and grew, although it had nothing but salt spray to live on.

"I shall try to clothe the cliff in green," thought the plant; and stretched two small, thin leaves upward toward the sky.

But then came the storm and cold, and the two leaves fell off and sank into the cleft close by.

The following year two new leaves were sent out, but met with the same fate.

"What good does it do to send out leaves? You cannot grow on the rocks there," said a sea-gull, who was sailing about among the clouds, and saw everything from his lofty position.

But the birch did not listen. Every spring it strove upward with its little shrunken stem toward heaven, full of newly awakened hope.

But as soon as a few months had passed by, the small, pale green leaves fell and sank down in the cleft, because the cliff afforded such scanty nourishment.

So it went on, year in and year out, till the birch's days were over. The sap in the little stem dried up, the tender buds fell off, and the spirit prepared to fly toward the heavens, on which it had always gazed. Then the sound of a bird's song was heard close by. Bees hummed, and the fragrance of flowers was on the air.

In the little cleft stood a fresh, strong twig, bearing leaves full of sap, and round about grew flowers and grass, and soft turf was spreading over the hard, stony cliff.

"Whence cometh all this?" asked the little birch, its weak voice trembling with joy.

"It is the small leaves thou hast given, which have prepared the way for greenness and life," replied a little white dove. "Come now with me!"

And, borne upon her wings, the spirit of the little birch soared upward until it reached the clear heavens.

But the rocky cliff became a beautiful island, clothed with soft grass, fragrant flowers, and leafy trees. Yet, the little birch had only a small pair of leaves to give.

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT.

[Translation by Anna von Rydingsvärd.]

SIX WISHES.

quạr′ rў	grōa̸nḙd	tŏr′ rḙnts
grȧnt′ ĕd	mīg̸ht′ ў	ĭm pē′ rĭ a̸l
pärchḙd	whīrlḙd	fā̸nt′ ĕd

A poor stone-cutter in the far East had worked many years at his quarry. He had earned little money and was now unhappy.

"O," said he, bending over the stone, "I wish I might be rich!" His murmur mounted to the sky, where an angel heard it. The angel said, "Your wish shall be granted."

At once the poor stone-cutter's clothes changed to rich robes. But, as he sat in wealth and joy, the emperor rode by. Splendid horsemen rode at his side and more splendid ones rode behind.

Then the man murmured: "Of what use are my riches if I cannot ride abroad in all this splendor? I wish I might be an emperor!"

Again his wish was heard by the angel. "Thou shalt be emperor, then!" the angel said.

Soon the stone-cutter found himself dressed like an emperor. He rode forth in imperial state.

Runners ran before him. Splendid horsemen rode by his side, and more splendid ones rode behind him.

But now the sunbeams beat fiercely upon his head. The land was parched. The road was dusty where he rode. The emperor almost fainted, as he rode in the heat of the sun.

Then the man groaned, and said, "Of what use is it to be an emperor, when the sun pays no heed to my power? These burning rays beat on me as if I were only a common stone-cutter! O, I wish I were the bright, powerful sun!"

"Lo," said the angel, "thou shalt be the sun!"

"Ah," exclaimed the stone-cutter, "now I shall be contented!" He soon became the sun, and sent his hot rays over all the land, till it was parched and dry.

But suddenly a little soft, cool cloud sailed below him in front of his face and said, "No farther shall your fierce burning rays dart. I shall stay here now."

Then the cry was, "The cloud is mighty. It dares to come before me, the Sun. O," said the stone-cutter, "I would be a cloud!"

Again the angel heard, and again the prayer was answered. The stone-cutter was now a cloud, pouring down shower after shower. Rivers overflowed their banks. Trees, houses, men, villages, were whirled in the waters. Castles and cottages were crushed in the mad torrents.

Only the rock withstood the fury of the waters. It did not move. It smiled at the raging flood at its foot.

The cloud cried out, "A rock has mastered me. I would be a rock!"

The angel heard, and the stone-cutter became a rock, which no storm could rend, no sun could injure.

But, one day, a poor stone-cutter came, and with his hammer he hewed away the greater part of the rock. "Ah!" said the rock, "I would be what I was, after all! I pray to be a stone-cutter. I am contented."

[Adapted.] MAX HAVELAAR.

THE SLAVE AND THE LION.

slāv∉	stärv∉d	cru̱′ ĕl
thôrn	cra̱wl	lē∉st
crowds̱	rē mo̱v∉d′	pā∫n∉d

In the ancient city of Rome many persons were held as slaves. Some of these had been taken as prisoners of war. Some of them were treated badly by cruel masters.

Once a slave wished to escape from his master. One night this slave ran away. For many days and nights he wandered through a deep forest.

He was almost starved, almost sick, and very weary, when one day he found a rocky cave. "Ah," he said, "I will crawl in and rest! Perhaps I shall die. At least, I can hide from my master."

Soon after he had entered the cave he was startled by hearing a loud roar. Looking up, he saw a great lion standing at the entrance of the cave.

At first the poor slave was much frightened; but soon he saw that the lion was in great pain. The beast held up one of his fore paws and roared loudly again.

The slave went nearer to the lion and looked carefully at the lifted paw. He saw that a large thorn had pierced the lion's foot. Then the slave took into his hand the huge paw, and from it he quickly, but tenderly, removed the thorn.

The lion stood perfectly still till the thorn had been removed. Then, finding that the foot no longer pained him, he jumped about, and he licked the slave's hands and feet, trying to thank him.

In the cave that night the two lay down together to sleep; and the slave was not afraid. The next day the lion went out in search of food.

For many days, while the slave was weak, the

lion brought food to him, and in the cave these two lived like friends.

But after a time the slave was seen by some soldiers. They took him back to Rome. The master then said, "Carry out the law! He ran away. He shall be taken to fight a wild beast."

In those old days of Rome, the people used to gather in great crowds to see poor slaves fight with savage beasts. These wild animals were kept many days without food, so that they might be all the more hungry and fierce, just before the fight.

On a day of this cruel sport, the poor slave was brought out in sight of the vast throng of people. The door of the lions' den was opened. With a mad bound and a frightful roar, a lion sprang out.

But the lion, instead of falling upon the slave and killing him, came gently to his side and licked his hands and feet. It was the same lion that he had lived with in the cave.

The poor slave was full of joy. The people, when they heard his story, said, "Let the slave go free! let the slave go free!" This was done; and the lion and the slave again lived together.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf:
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies
For thy pleasure or thy food —
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BOY AND THE CRICKETS.

chānġ¢	jăck′ ĕt	crĭck′ ĕt
bāk′ ẽr	ăt tĕn′ tiòn	frē′ quent
shĕlf	frĭĕnd′ lў	ăc count′

This is a story of something that happened in France not many years ago.

A man passing near a bake-shop saw in the window some small cakes that seemed very good.

He knew a child who was sick and could eat but very little, and he thought the child might like one of those cakes.

So the kind man went into the bake-shop and bought a cake like those in the window.

He threw down a piece of money to pay for his cake. While he waited for his change, a little boy, about six years old, came in.

"Ma'am," said the boy to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman took from the shelf a four-pound loaf and put it into the arms of the boy.

"Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf to his thin jacket; "but mother told me to say she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

The man had taken his change and was just going out, when he turned and saw the boy standing still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child. "Don't you like the bread?"

"O, yes, ma'am!" said the child.

"Then carry it to your mother, my little friend."

The child did not seem to hear. Something else had taken his attention. The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

The man and the baker's wife both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent visitors in bakers' houses.

"It is a bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No, indeed, little boy," said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the fire."

"Crickets," said the child; "are they really crickets?" "Yes, indeed," said she, kindly. The child's face lighted. "Ma'am," said he, blushing at his boldness, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling; "I would gladly give you all there are in the house."

"O, ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please," said the child. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, my mother wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" said the kind man, who could no longer help joining in the talk.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she can't pay all the bills."

The kind man took the child into his arms, and with him the great loaf, and I really believe that he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse.

She made her husband catch four crickets and put them into a box. She then gave the box to the child, who went away very happy.

When he had gone the baker's wife and the man said, both together, "Poor little fellow!"

Then she found the page where the mother's charges were written, and she wrote at the bottom "Paid."

Meanwhile the man had put into a paper all the money he had in his pocket. And he begged the good woman to send it to the mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted.

They gave the money and the bill to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste.

The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast; and when he reached home, he found his mother with a smile upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the coming of his four little black creatures that had worked the wonder; and I do not think he was mistaken.

Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

PIERRE JULES HETZEL.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

āȷ̌d	stŭȹk	dĭf′ fĭ cŭl tў
lā′ zў	strĕngth	wăg′ ȯn ẽr
mŭd′ dў	lĕnd	sŭf fĭ′ ciĕnt

One day, many years ago, it happened that a wagoner was driving his cart along a muddy road.

The road was very, very bad, the cart was heavy, and the wheels stuck fast in the mud. The mud was so deep that all the strength of the horse was not sufficient to move the cart.

The wagoner did not try to aid the poor horse. He did not lend a helping hand to the beast, nor did he try to help himself.

Instead of giving aid, he fell upon his knees, and prayed that Hercules would come and help him out of his difficulty.

Hercules did come. Seeing the trouble, he said, "Foolish fellow! how lazy you are! Get up and push on the wheels! Urge your horses! Put your shoulder to the wheel, I say! If you want my help then, you shall be sure to have it."

ÆSOP.

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE DONKEY.

stū′ pĭd	wom′ ĕn	crŏs′ ĭng
fo͝ol′ ĭsh	cru͟′ ĕl tў	bär′ gain
pûr sū¢d′	ō′ vẽr lō¢d′	strŭg′ glĭng

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to market to sell him. On their way they met some girls.

"See those two stupid persons!" cried the girls. "See them walk when they might ride! Are they not foolish?"

"Right!" said the miller. "Get up, my boy, and ride."

As they pursued their journey they met some men by the wayside. "What is the world coming to?" said one of the men. "See that young lad ride, while his old father walks!"

"Right!" cried the miller. "Get down, my son, and walk!"

The old man jumped upon the donkey's back and rode along. Soon they met three women by the road. "A cruel father," cried the women, "to make his little son walk, while *he* rides!"

"Right!" said the miller. "Jump up, my boy, and ride with me!"

When they had nearly reached the town, they met a man. "What cruelty," said the man, "to overload a poor donkey like that! You are better able to carry the donkey than he to carry two."

"Right!" said the miller; and he tied the donkey's legs, and with his son carried the donkey into town. Crowds laughed at the sight.

But, when the travelers were crossing a stream, the struggling donkey fell into the water and was drowned. "It serves me right," said the miller. "I tried to please everybody, but pleased nobody. And I have lost my donkey into the bargain."

THE LITTLE BIRD HUNTER.

par tĭc′ ū lar	cŏm′ ĭc ȼl	lăn̲′ guȧġȼ
ĭm ăġ′ ĭnȼd	glȧnçȼd	quĕs′ tiȯn
ȯ blīġȼd′	dĭs trĕssȼ′	thrĭllȷ

"Now, mother," said Theodore, "I am ready for a big hunt. Just look at my gun!"

It was a "cross-gun" — which, in boy language, signifies a cross-bow — with a stock whittled out of pine wood, a bow of hickory, a notch for holding the cord when it was drawn down for a shot, and a wooden button for a trigger to pull it off. The arrow, also of pine, fitted in a groove cut in the upper side of the stock.

"This is what you have been at work at these three days past, is it?" said Mrs. Coburn. "Now what do you expect to shoot?"

"A bear!" said Theodore, stoutly.

"A bear?" laughed his mother.

"Well, a mouse then. Or a squirrel. But if I see one, I shall *play* it's a bear. And I shall creep along, creep along, just like an old hunter." Theodore adjusted his arrow, and drew down the string,

and called his dog, and went on tiptoe about the little old kitchen, as if expecting to come suddenly upon a huge, shaggy monster behind the rocking-chair, which he imagined to be a mountain ledge or thicket; "then, the minute I see his head, — take aim, — bang!"

"There, you've done it now!" cried his mother; for the arrow, instead of piercing the bear's head, glanced from the arm of the rocking-chair and hit the face of the clock — or rather, the glass over the face.

"Never mind, I didn't break it," said Theodore.

"Well, I guess the bears are safe from your shots," laughed his mother, seeing the glass wasn't even cracked. "But go out of the house, if you can't shoot straighter than that; I'm afraid you'll kill a fly."

"Come, Hunter!" said Theodore, "we'll go down to the water, and maybe get a crack at a wild goose."

Hunter was a little, short, fat puppy, of no particular breed, although Theodore called him a setter, when he talked of shooting birds, and a greyhound when wild beasts were in question.

His body wasn't much bigger than Mrs. Coburn's round black earthen teapot; and if you could fancy his head and ears the handle, why, then, his queer little stump of a tail bore a comical resemblance to the spout.

The "water" was a marshy piece of ground behind the house; and the "wild goose" was — well, a robin or a sparrow.

In straw hat and shirt sleeves, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and Hunter at his heels looking as if he wondered what his young master was going to do, Theodore went stepping cautiously through the coarse, wet grasses of the marsh side, and across the meadow. He fancied himself a practiced sportsman, ready for any game that might appear.

Once he shot at a grass-finch that flew up; and again at a swallow that went skimming by, so graceful and so swift. Then he lost his arrow firing at a blackbird, and was obliged to make another of a splinter from the nearest rail-fence.

At last he approached a sparrow fluttering in great distress of mind about a bush in which she had a nest full of young ones.

To divert the hunter's attention from them, she flew away, and hopped along on the ground before him. She finally allowed him to come within a very few feet of her as she sat on a fallen bough.

"Now is my chance!" thought Theodore, as she chirped and fluttered, as if about to fly again.

Away went the arrow; but instead of hitting the mother bird, it sailed harmlessly over her head, and alighted in the bush where her young ones were hidden. Theodore ran to find it; and there he saw it lying across a twig a few inches above the precious nest.

"Ah, this is what she is making such a fuss about!" said he, as the poor little things, hearing the bush rustle, stretched up their necks and opened their mouths for the expected worm or insect which the mother was to bring.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world, pretty birds! I won't tell Bob Wainwright where this nest is, for he would rob it; and if I see the cat creeping this way, I'll shoot her! Come away, Hunter! Let the mother go back to her nest. She'll find *I* haven't done it any harm."

Theodore had another good chance to shoot the old bird, as he went from the spot. He drew his bow, and took aim, and thought, "Now I *could!*" But he didn't. "For *their* sakes, I wouldn't hurt a feather of you," said he, watching her as she returned to find her little family all safe in the bush.

That night, when Theodore lay awake in his bed, thinking how he had spared the young birds, and how the mother was at that moment brooding them fondly under her wings, he felt a sweeter thrill of happiness than if he had shot a dozen sparrows.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

WRITING LESSON. *Kleinmichel.*

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are always one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing —
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

PRASCOVIA.

căp′ tą̆ĭn	ĕm′ pẽr or	ĕx′ īl¢
Rŭs′ sian	Sā̧nt Pē′ tẽrs bûrg	pär′ d¢n
Sī bē′ rĭ ȧ	drīv′ ẽr	ĕx chānġ¢′

Prascovia's father had once been a captain in the Russian army; but the Emperor had sent him and his family into exile in Siberia. For twelve years the poor man had tried to obtain a pardon. But his efforts were all in vain.

One night, as the daughter was kneeling in prayer by her bedside, the thought came to her that she would go to the Emperor in St. Petersburg and ask a pardon for her father.

It was hundreds of miles to St. Petersburg. The way led across a bleak country, where, in winter, the snows lay heavy and the traveling was dangerous. Yet this young girl dared to go.

On a September morning in the year 1803 the brave child started forth. She had not so much as one dollar. Other poor exiles offered a little money; but she would not take it. She said, "I shall remember your kindness."

At each town the poor child would ask, "Will you tell me the road that leads to St. Petersburg?" Some persons said, "Is the girl crazy?" Others laughed at her. A few were kind.

One day a frightful storm came upon her. Great trees were dashed to the ground. For shelter the girl ran into the deep forest; and there she stayed all that night, listening to the storm.

Her clothing was scanty and torn. It was now muddy and soiled. But in the morning she went, with brave heart, on her toilsome way. When she had reached the next town, no one would give her a place to rest. At last, seeing a little church with open door, she went in. How tired she was!

As she sat there, a lady entered. Seeing the girl, she asked of her a few questions. When these had been answered, the lady said, "Come to my home, child! You are sick. I will keep you till you become strong again." So, for weeks, the child was cared for. Then she went gratefully on her way.

There are many dogs in each Russian village. One day, several of these dogs chased the little stranger. Her heart was then full of fear. But she ran as hard as she could, and so escaped.

After many weary months, Prascovia reached a small town where she learned that some sledges were about to start for St. Petersburg. When one of the drivers had heard the girl's story, he said, "You may ride with us."

Tears came into Prascovia's eyes. She glanced at her thin dress. It was not suited for a long, cold ride. But one of the drivers said, "She may have my fur robe. We can exchange at the mile-posts. *We* shall not freeze."

So the child rode on bravely and happily, thanking God for the kindness of those men.

On account of severe snowstorms the travelers

sometimes had to stop for days at some small town. At one such place the poor girl was pushed, by chance, into the river, and she was almost drowned.

Not far away was a convent. Kind friends took the girl to it; and there, for several months, she lay sick with a fever. "She will not see the Emperor. She will not see her father again," said the women who watched over her.

But she grew stronger; and when the second winter came she was off once more. The abbess of the convent had given money to the girl and letters for kind ladies in St. Petersburg. The girl's dress was new and warm, and she rode in a covered sleigh!

It was Easter Day when she reached St. Petersburg. On this day of peace the people always show good-will toward strangers.

One of the ladies to whom the girl had been sent took her to see the mother of the Emperor. Trusting the child's story, that mother said, "I will see the Emperor and tell him why you are here. I think he will help you."

A few days afterward the same kind lady took Prascovia to meet the Emperor. Her story interested him greatly.

She told him of the dangers she had passed and the hardships she had endured, and the reason she had come to him.

The Emperor then called for the decree that had sent the girl's father into exile; and he said, "Your father shall be free." And at once the pardon was written.

Tears of tender joy came into the eyes of Prascovia. In all her life she had never felt so happy.

The Emperor then said, "Can I grant you any other wish?" The girl replied, "When I started to come to you, two poor exiles offered me all the little money they had. Can you pardon them?" She spoke tremblingly.

The Emperor immediately granted her wish, and said, "I will inquire into the lives of the exiles and try to make them less miserable."

When the brave girl came again to her parents, never was a meeting more joyful.

JACKANAPES AND THE GYPSY.—I.

ġўp′ sĭ⸗s	spûrn⸗d	çĕr′ ĕ mŏ nў
ăn′ ⸗ū ⸗l	străg′ glĭng	rĕ cȯv′ ẽr

"The Green" was originally only part of a straggling common, which in its turn merged into some wilder waste land where gypsies sometimes squatted, if the authorities would allow them, especially after the annual fair.

And it was after the fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being overhead in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown about by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing on the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoa-nut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony as he had stuck to the hobby-horse; but, O, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the gypsy boy cried "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously that with as little ceremony Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane. "Yes."

"What does 'Lollo' mean?"

"Red."

"Is he your pony?"

"No; my father's."

And the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

JACKANAPES AND HIS GRANDFATHER.—II.

shĭl′lĭngs	līg͟ht′ nĭng	dǫŭ′ blǫ
rā′ çĕr	fōr′ tēǫn′	fŏnd
mānǫ	nīnǫ′ tēǫn′	blĕsś
weĭgh͟t	fĭf′ tēǫn′	rīd′ ĭng

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! What for?"

"To buy Lollo with. 'Lollo' means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. O, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail!

Such little feet, sir; and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too; and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No-o, sir; but I can stick to him. I did, the other day."

"I'm glad you did! Well, I'm fond of riding, myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

BUYING THE GYPSY PONY.—III.

à rouṣ∕d′	ẽ∕r′ lĭ ẽr	groṵp
ĭn′ nŏ ç∕nt	bē l∕ēv∕′	ŭp′ pẽr
cū rĭ ŏs′ ĭ tў	găth′ ẽr∕d	răth′ ẽr

The general was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, and his grandfather, and his dog Spitfire were all gathered at one end of the Green, in a group, which so aroused the innocent curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper windows, that she and the children took their early promenade rather earlier than usual.

The general talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo; but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought at the fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair flew out, an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting.

Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson.

Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her gown, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

The Gray Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo came back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy. "You were born to the saddle."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit;
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!" —
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SQUIRREL AND HER LITTLE ONES.

whĭs′ ŧlĭng	prĕs̱′ ȼnt lў	swĭft
märchȼd	trĕȺs̱′ ûrȼ	dĕ pĕnd′
dĭs cȯv′ ĕrȼd	sûr vȩ̱′	ĕȡġȼ

A boy was once going home from school through the woods.

It was very early in the spring-time, and nothing green was to be seen, save some moss on the edge of a little brook, which ran along over the stones, talking to itself.

As the boy went whistling along, with his books, and a small tin pail with his dinner, slung on a pole at his back, he saw by the new chips scattered about, that the woodcutters had been at work there, since morning.

Looking around, he saw a large white oak tree lying on the ground. Thinking to make himself a whistle out of the green twigs, he set down his books and pail, and marched up to the tree.

He soon discovered a large knot-hole in the trunk; and, boylike, he must needs peep into it.

At first, he saw nothing but a little hairy bunch; but presently something began to move, and he saw that he had found a squirrel's nest. Here was a treasure for a schoolboy!

There were four little baby squirrels, their eyes not yet opened, curled up together on a nice warm bed of moss, in the old oak tree. He took them out, and put them into his tin pail, thinking to carry them home.

But the boy had a very kind heart under his jacket; and the kind heart began to say to him, that when the mother of the squirrels came home, she would be in great distress to find her babies gone.

So he packed them all into the hole again, and hid himself in a bush, that he might see what the old squirrel would do, when she came back and found her house knocked down.

Before long, he saw a gray squirrel running along the stone wall, with a nut in her mouth.

She leaped down the wall and over the ground, as swift as a bird; for she was in a great hurry to see her children.

But when she came to the tree, she dropped her nut, and looked round in astonishment.

She went smelling all about; then she mounted the stump to take a survey of the country. There she stood a moment, on her hind legs, and snuffed the air with a look of distress.

But she would not leave the spot. Again and again she mounted the stump, stood erect, looked around keenly, and snuffed the air.

At last a lucky thought seemed to strike her. She ran along the trunk of the fallen tree, and found her hole. You may depend upon it, there was great joy in the moss cradle.

She stayed a few minutes, long enough to give the little ones their supper, and then off she scampered on the stone wall again.

The boy followed in the direction she went, and hid himself where he could watch.

She came back shortly, took one of her young ones in her mouth, and set off at full speed to the knot-hole of another tree.

She came back again and again, almost as swift as the wind, and never stopped to take a moment's rest, till she had carried the last of her little ones to their new home.

The boy followed her, being careful not to go

near enough to frighten her; and he saw her climb and place each little one safely in the knot-hole.

Afterward, when he went to drive the cows, he always went near that tree.

And when he saw the happy mother and her four little ones skipping among the green leaves or sitting upright on the boughs, he felt glad he did not rob the squirrel that had been so careful of her young.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A SUMMER DAY.

This is the way the morning dawns:
  Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
  Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns,—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
  Gold on brooks and glossy leaves,
  Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup,—
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the rain comes down:
  Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
  Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend and skies that frown,—
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows:
  Here a whirl and there a dance;
  Slowly now, then like a lance,
Swiftly to the sea it goes,—
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings:
  "Baby birdies in the nest,
  You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings"—
This is the way the birdie sings.

This is the way the daylight dies:
  Cows are lowing in the lane,
  Fireflies wink on hill and plain;
Yellow, red, and purple skies,—
This is the way the daylight dies.

GEORGE COOPER.

OLD SULTAN.

thʃēf	pĭt′ ў	cŏm plāʃnɸd′
hĕɸġɸ	pâr′ ɸnts	cŏn′ trå rў
shādɸ	ēɸr′ nĕst	ăr rāngɸd′

A farmer had a faithful dog called Sultan. This dog was old. He had lost his teeth, so that he could not hold anything fast.

One day the farmer was standing, with his wife, before the house door, and said, "I mean to shoot Sultan. He is no longer of any use."

The wife, who felt pity for the faithful beast, answered, "He has served us so long, and has been so faithful, we might let him live."

"What?" said the man. "You are not very sharp. He has not a tooth in his mouth. Not a thief is afraid of him. Now he may be off."

The poor dog, who was lying near by, stretched out in the sun, had heard everything, and was sorry that the next day was to be his last.

He had a good friend, the wolf; and in the evening he crept out into the forest to find him, and complained of his hard fate.

"Listen," said the wolf, "and be of good cheer. I will help you out of your trouble.

To-morrow, early in the morning, your master is going, with his wife, to make hay. They will take their little child with them. During work-time they will leave the baby in the shade of the hedge. You lay yourself there, too, as if you were guarding the child. Then I will come, and carry the child off.

You must rush swiftly after me, as if you would seize the child from me. I will let it fall, and you will take it back to its parents. They will think you have saved it, and be too grateful to do you any harm. On the contrary, they will not again let you want for anything."

This plan pleased the dog; and it was carried out as it had been arranged. The father screamed when he saw the wolf running across the field with the child. But he was full of joy when old Sultan brought it back. He said to the dog, "Not a hair of yours shall be hurt! You shall eat my bread as long as you live."

And the man said to his wife, "Go home at once and give bread and milk to Sultan. He will

not need to bite on that! And bring the pillow from my bed. He shall lie upon it." After that, Sultan was as well as he could wish to be.

Before long the wolf visited him, and was pleased that everything had happened so well. "But," said he, "you will not tell if I carry off one of your master's sheep when I have a chance." "Do not count upon that," said the dog, "I will be true to my master."

The wolf thought this could not be said in earnest; so he came creeping about in the night, and was going to take away the sheep.

But the farmer, to whom the faithful Sultan had told the wolf's plan, caught the wolf and beat him soundly with a flail. The wolf had to be off. But, as he went, he cried out to the dog, "Wait a bit, sir! You shall pay for this."

The next morning the wolf sent the boar to tell the dog to come out into the woods, so that they might settle the affair. Old Sultan could find no one to stand by him but a cat with only three legs. As the two went away together, the poor cat limped along, and at the same time stretched her tail into the air.

The wolf and his friend were already on the spot. But when they saw the enemy coming, they thought he was bringing a saber, — for they mistook the cat's tail for a saber.

And when the poor creature hopped along on its three legs, the wolf and the boar could only think that it was picking up a stone to throw at them. So they were both afraid. The boar crept into the underwood and the wolf climbed a tree.

When the dog and the cat came up, they wondered that no one was in sight. But the boar had not been able to hide himself altogether. One of his ears was still to be seen.

While the cat was looking carefully about, the boar moved one of his ears. The cat thought it was a mouse moving there, and she jumped upon it and bit it hard. The boar made a fearful noise and ran away, crying out, "The guilty one is up in the tree."

The dog and the cat looked up and saw the wolf. He was ashamed of having shown himself so timid. And he made friends with the dog.

[Adapted.] JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

LITTLE DILLIE.

wạl′ nŭts	brāi̯d′ ĕd	ăc′ çĭ dɸnt
mōɣrn′ fụl	ġĕn′ ẽr ɸl lў	sŭs pĕct′ ĕd
nēi̯′ thẽr	stûr′ dў	ĭn dĕ pĕnd′ ɸnt

Cousin Sally had come to see me, and we were going to the woods to find silver-white hickory nuts, and yellow walnuts, and wild grapes, and to swing, — for we knew of a nice swing in the woods.

But we were selfish, and didn't want my little brother and sister, Dillie and Albert, to go with us.

Albert was two years older than I, — ten, perhaps, at the time I write of, — and Dillie was nearly seven, as meek and sweet a child as ever lived.

I can see her now, just as she used to look, with a pale face and large black eyes that always seemed mournful, and brown, thin hair hanging loose on her neck, for it was neither braided nor curled.

I remember the dress she wore that very day — a pale blue calico, that was almost outgrown, and the pink gingham bonnet that she held in her hand, as she looked at us inquiringly, but said nothing.

Albert was a sturdy, independent boy, good-natured enough generally, but having a temper that could be aroused.

He would have liked very much to go to the woods with us, for cousin Sally was always full of fun, and he delighted to be with her.

But he no sooner suspected we didn't wish him to go with us than he called Dillie aside and said to her, "You and I will go and swing in the barn, and not stay with folks that don't want us."

So Dillie put her little sunburnt hand in his, and, looking sorrowfully toward us, they went together to the barn.

Albert did not once look back, or seem to care where we went. So we got our bonnets, that had been hidden under some burdock leaves, and set off for the woods, laughing and talking as though very happy.

It was in the fall, and already the yellow leaves were dropping from the walnut trees; the water was all dried away from the runs, and there was only the hard-baked clay and the loose stones where the silver water had been.

The branches of the willows were almost bare,

and the maples had here and there a limb of scarlet or orange.

Along the edge of the woods, where the pretty mosses had been so bright all summer, there were now dry leaves drifting and surging in the wind.

After a while we went deeper into the woods, and gathered grapes and walnuts, and swung till we were tired.

But all the time we kept thinking the woods would not be so lonesome if we were all together. So, long before we had proposed to do so, we set out for home, intending to go straight to the barn and make amends for our bad conduct in the morning.

We were nearly there, when, all at once, we heard a cry as if some accident had chanced. I tried to run; but was so much frightened that I could not get along at all.

"O, dear!" said Sally, "O, dear!" — and, looking up, I saw Albert carrying Dillie toward the house, her head falling backward and her feet dragging. Albert was so much frightened that he could not carry her, and, when he saw us, he let her fall on the ground, and began to wring his hands and cry.

Poor little Dillie! she had been walking on a beam fifteen feet from the floor, and, suddenly growing dizzy, had fallen. Her head was bleeding, and her face was white as death.

Dillie was carried home, and laid on the bed, and Dr. Bigstaff, our physician, was sent for. We could not tell how badly she was hurt, nor whether she would even live till the doctor would get there.

When Dr. Bigstaff came, he inquired how the accident had chanced. I was told, when at last I dared to ask, that the doctor said Dillie was very badly hurt, but there was a possibility of her getting well.

At supper time, I said I did not want any, and would watch with her. When they were all gone, I called her softly, folding her hands close in mine, and kissing her over and over.

As I did so, she opened her eyes and smiled; and, putting her arms around my neck, held me close to her for a moment. Then the hands grew damp and fell away; great drops of sweat stood on her forehead; her lips grew white, and trembled.

I ran to the stairs and called.

Aunt Caty Martin, who had been sent for, went close to the bed, and saying softly, "Don't cry so," laid her fingers on the sweet eyes that had looked their last on me so lovingly.

ALICE CARY.

[Abridgment.]

LITTLE BIRDS.

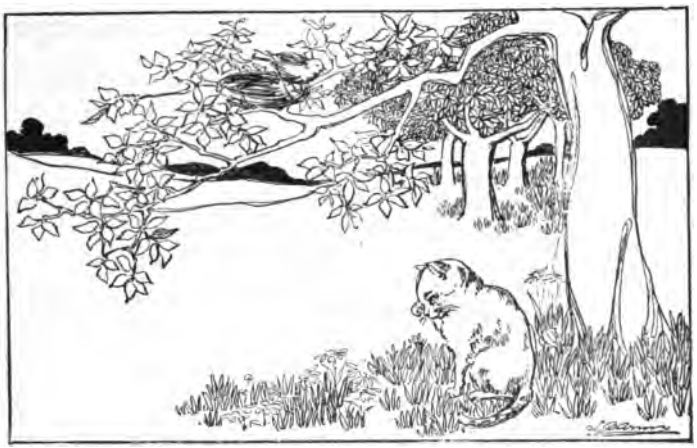
Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;
May be they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet —
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings foolish-sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives;
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
But from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the works and the hopes and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment, then gone again?
Nay, He planned for the birds, with the larger things.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.



TIP-TOP, THE ROBIN.

bĕ wĭl′ dĕr ĭng	nûrs′ ĕr ў	ăc quāĭnt′ ĕd
scrēa̸mn̸d	dōlē′ fụl lў	băl′ a̸n çĭng
prī′ vāt̸e	scăt′ tĕrn̸d	mĕl′ ăn cḥŏl ў

Tip-top got on the edge of the nest. She saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree. Her hair was sleek and as white as the daisies. Her eyes were yellow and beautiful to behold, and she looked up to the tree bewitchingly, and said, "Little birds, little birds, come down; Pussy wants to play with you."

"Only look at her!" said Tip-top; "her eyes are like gold."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will bewitch you and then eat you up."

"I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-top, again balancing his short tail over the nest. "Just as if she would. She's just the nicest, most innocent creature going, and only wants us to have fun. We never do have any fun in this old nest!"

Then the eyes below shot a bewildering light into Tip-top's eyes, and a voice sounded as sweet as silver: "Little birds, little birds, come down; Pussy wants to play with you."

"Her paws are as white as velvet," said Tip-top, "and so soft! I don't believe she has any claws."

"Don't go, brother, don't!" screamed both sisters. All we know about it is, that, a moment after, a direful scream was heard from the nursery window.

"O mamma, mamma, do come here! Tip-top's fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him!"

Away ran pussy with foolish little Tip-top in her mouth. He squeaked dolefully when he felt her sharp teeth. Wicked Miss Pussy had no mind to eat him at once. She meant just as she said, "to play with him." So she ran off to a private place

among the currant bushes, while all the little curly heads were scattered up and down looking for her.

Did you ever see a cat play with a bird or a mouse? She sets it down, and seems to go off and leave it. But the moment it makes the first movement to get away — pounce! she springs on it, and shakes it in her mouth. And she so teases it and tantalizes it, till she gets ready to kill and eat it. I can't say why she does it, except that it is a cat's nature.

"O, where is he? where is he? Do find my poor Tip-top," said Jamie, crying as loud as he could scream. "I'll kill that horrid cat — I'll kill her!" — Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had come home meantime, joined their plaintive chirping to the general confusion. Mrs. Robin's bright eyes soon discovered her poor little son, where Pussy was patting and rolling him from one paw to the other under the currant bushes.

Settling on the bush above, she called the little folks to the spot by her cries.

Jamie plunged under the bush, and caught the cat with the luckless Tip-top in her mouth. With one or two good thumps he obliged her to let go.

Tip-top was not dead, but in a sadly draggled and torn state. Some of his feathers were torn out, and one of his wings was broken, and hung down in a melancholy way.

"O, what shall we do for him? He will die. Poor Tip-top!" said the children.

"Let's put him back into the nest, children," said mamma. "His mother will know best what to do with him."

So a ladder was got, and papa climbed up and put Tip-top safely into the nest. The cat had shaken all the nonsense out of him. He was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

The time came at last when all the other birds had learned to fly. They fluttered and flew about everywhere. But poor melancholy Tip-top was still confined to the nest.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.—I.

ĭn dēȼd′	fûr′ nĭsh	cȟrĭs′ ȶȼn ĭng
plātȼ	fụl fĭlȻȼd′	ĕn chȧnt′ ĕd
Ȼnīfȼ	rē ş̲ŏlvȼd′	ôr′ dĕrȼd

In the days of fairies and elves there lived a king and a queen who were very sad because they had no children. At last a baby girl was born to them. Then their hearts were glad indeed.

Then what a fine christening there was! Seven fairies came, and each brought a beautiful gift to the tiny princess. Then the king gave a great feast. There was placed before each fairy a plate of pure gold, with a knife, a fork, and a spoon, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies.

As they all sat at the table, in walked a very old fairy who had not been invited. For fifty years this old fairy had been shut up in a tower, and the king thought she was either dead or enchanted. The king ordered a place for her at the table.

But he could not give her a gold plate. Only seven plates had been made, for the seven fairies.

The old fairy thought she was slighted, and she muttered threats between her teeth.

One kind fairy, who sat close to her, overheard her threats. Thinking she might give the little princess an unlucky gift, the young fairy went, as soon as they had left the table, and hid behind a curtain. She wished to speak last, and repair any evil the old fairy might bring.

Soon, the fairies began to bestow their gifts upon the little princess. The youngest gave her beauty; one gave wisdom; another, grace; while others gave gifts of song, dancing, and music.

Then came the old fairy. In a spiteful manner she said, "The princess shall have her hand pierced by a spindle and shall die of the wound."

This terrible gift caused all the company to weep. At that moment the kind fairy came from behind the curtain and said, "Assure yourselves, O king and queen; your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to undo what my elder has done. The princess shall pierce her hand with a spindle, but not die then. Instead, she shall fall into a sleep that will last a hundred

years. At the end of a hundred years a prince shall come and wake her."

When the king heard this, he ordered all spinning wheels in his kingdom to be burned. On pain of death, no one was to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have so much as a single spindle in the house.

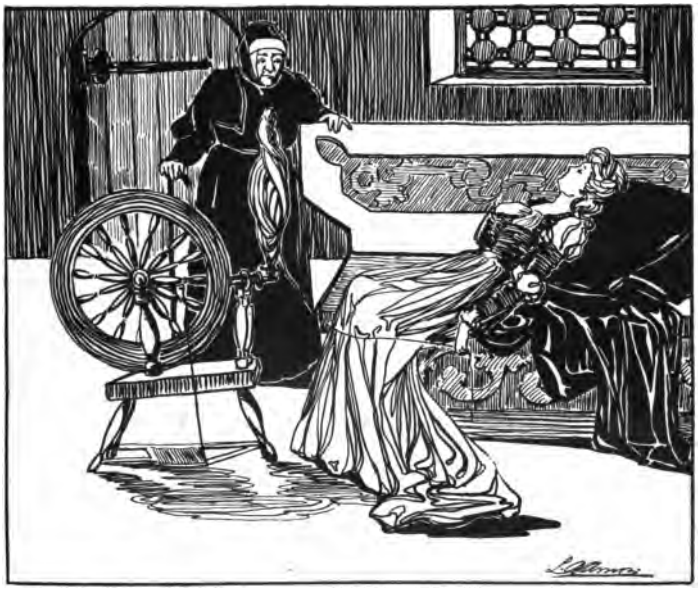
THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.—II.

About fifteen years after that feast, the princess was one day wandering through the palace. The king and the queen were gone. At last the princess came to a little room in the top of a tower. Here sat an old woman spinning. This woman had never heard of the king's command.

"How do you do, Goody?" said the princess. "What are you doing there?"

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old dame. She did not know the princess.

"Ha!" said the princess, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Let me take it and see if I can spin." And she took the spindle.



As soon as she had taken the spindle into her hand, the decree of the old fairy was fulfilled. The princess pierced her hand with the spindle. She fell down in a deep sleep.

The old woman cried out for help. People came, running fast. They threw water upon the face of the princess; they rubbed her hands; they bathed her head. But she did not wake.

Suddenly, the king came in. He remembered what the old fairy had said would happen.

So he commanded that the princess be carried into the finest room in the palace, and be laid upon a bed of gold and silver.

He commanded that no one should disturb her. She should sleep quietly.

Now the kind fairy, who had said the princess should wake after a hundred years, was far away. But a dwarf soon told her what had happened. This dwarf wore boots that would take him over seven leagues of ground at one stride.

The kind fairy came at once, in a chariot. She thought the princess would not like to find herself alone in the great palace when she woke. So, with her wand, the fairy touched everything in and around the palace, except the king and the queen. Men, horses, dogs, — everything fell asleep.

And now the king and the queen kissed their child and left the palace. They ordered that no one should go near the palace, for any reason.

Within a quarter of an hour there grew up a vast number of trees, great and small.

Bushes and brambles became so thick that man or beast could not pass through ; and no part of the palace towers could be seen, except their tops.

THE PRINCESS WAKES. — III.

When a hundred years had passed, a prince was hunting one day in that country. Seeing the tops of the palace towers, he said to the forest people, "What castle is that?"

Every one answered as he had heard. One said it was the ruins of a very old castle. Another said "The witches live there." Others said it was the home of a giant.

The prince did not know whom to believe. But, at last, an old man said: "Your royal highness, it is fifty years since I heard my grandfather say, 'A beautiful princess is sleeping in this castle. She must sleep a hundred years, and then be wakened by a king's son.'"

When the young prince heard these words, he resolved to push through the trees and the brambles and make his way to the castle.

Scarcely had he taken one step, when all the trees, bushes, and brambles made a path for him.

After he had passed, the path closed up, so no one could follow him.

By and by the prince reached the castle. Everywhere he stepped, all was as still as death. He saw the horses leaning against the walls and the trees. He saw the dogs as still as stones on the ground. Every creature slept.

The prince crossed the marble court. Then he came to the guards. Their muskets were upon their shoulders. Every man of them was snoring — snoring loudly. Then the prince passed through several rooms, where he saw many people, all asleep.

At last he came to a room all adorned with gold. There he saw the fairest sight he had ever beheld. There lay the lovely princess. Her beauty seemed almost divine. The prince fell upon his knees and kissed her.

And now the enchantment was at an end. The princess woke, and, looking tenderly at the prince, she said, "Is it you, my prince? You have waited a long time."

At that instant all the palace woke, and every one went about his own duties. The prince helped the princess to rise. She was dressed beautifully. But the prince did not tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother.

The prince and the princess went into the great hall of looking-glass, and there a feast had been set. While they were eating, the men played on their violins some beautiful music a hundred years old.

After supper the prince and the princess were married. In due time the prince became king and the princess became queen. And they ruled long and happily.

CHARLES PERRAULT.

Millais.

LILACS.

THE LILAC.

The lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window,
All purple with bloom while the little maid spun.
Her stint was a long one and she was aweary,
And moaned that she never could get it done.

But a wind set stirring the lilac blossoms,
And a wonderful sweetness came floating in,
And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have said it,
That a friend had come to her, to help her spin.

And after that she kept on at her spinning;
Gay as a bird; for the world had begun
To seem such a pleasant, good place for working,
That she was amazed when her stint was done.

And the pale-browed little New England maiden,
Outside of her lessons, had learned that day
That the sweetness around us will sweeten labor,
If we will but let it have its way.

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS.

A DREAM OF SUNSHINE. — I.

doubt	hăp′ pĭ nĕss	mĭl′ lions
sīgh	trŭmp′ ĕt	drēamed
bowed	glăd′ nĕss	mĭdst

Just before Gracie went to sleep, Cousin Ann read to her the "Story of the Fairy Queen." This was no doubt the reason, or partly the reason, of her dreaming this little dream about the Golden Throne.

"I dreamed I was walking along all by myself, in a strange world; and pretty soon a light began to shine down. I kept walking along, and the light that was shining down began to grow brighter and brighter.

At last I saw a high hill, with a Golden Throne on top of it, and that was where the light came from. A beautiful Queen, like a fairy angel, sat upon the throne, in the midst of the light.

A great many more fairy angels were there, — smaller ones. They stood among some rainbows, and they were very busy.

And I said to the Queen, 'What are those fairy

angels doing?' And the Queen said, 'They are making happiness for the people of the earth.'

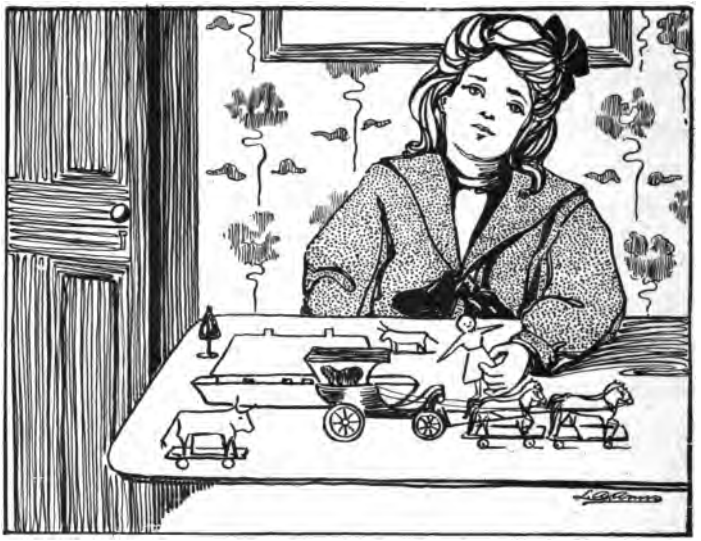
Just while I stood looking they began to sigh, and to say, 'Alas, alas!' Then the Queen said, 'Why do you sigh, and say, "Alas, alas"?'

And one of them told the Queen. 'The rainbows are used up, and we can't make any more happiness, and there isn't enough to go round. Some of the people will have only a little bit, and there will be dark spots around them!'

The Queen bowed her head, and when she had had a very long thinking, she said, 'Call all the little children of the earth! Call them from the north and the south and the east and the west!' Then four trumpeters blew four trumpets.

And when all the little children were gathered together, the Queen said: 'Little children, there is not happiness enough, and we ask for your help. Go back where you live and make somebody smile a smile of gladness every day, for every time you do so, happiness is made.

There are millions of you, little children, and millions of smiles will help to make the earth bright.'"



A DREAM OF SUNSHINE. — II.

A day or two after this I happened to call at the house that had thirteen front windows, and after chatting awhile, went upstairs to find Gracie.

"She must be in some mischief," said grandma, "for we haven't heard a sound from her this half-hour!" I stepped up to the room where she sometimes went to play. The door stood open a little crack, and I peeped in.

Gracie sat perched in a chair, before a table upon which there was an array of playthings.

Among them were a coach and four, a Noah's ark, and some cows that might have been in the ark. But if so, they certainly died soon after the flood, as we have none of that shape now. A man, probably Noah himself, was milking one of them.

The coach and four, Gracie had often told me, were carrying off a " wedding couple " on their wedding journey. Their baggage was on the rack behind. The driver seemed to be in trouble with his horses, and very anxious to make them all go one way. Two of them were white and two black.

I saw that Gracie had been cutting out paper dolls, and had placed them around the table, in different positions. She seemed just then to be in deep thought. The hand which used the scissors had dropped in her lap, while the other held up the poor unfortunate creature, whose arms were not mates. I could not help smiling, though it does seem too bad to smile at the misfortunes of even a paper doll.

One of these I judged to be very much out of health, as he kept his hat on and seemed weak in his joints. His right leg was rather crooked;

but then, the scissors might have slipped; and I thought Gracie did very well in cutting out a hat that fitted so nicely.

The cows, and Noah, and the two preachers and the wedding turn-out were altogether too much for me, and I laughed out. Gracie looked up with a puzzled air, as if wondering, first, how I came there, and next, what it was that amused me so. I became sober in a moment.

"Why, Gracie," said I, "what can you be thinking about? You haven't stirred for nearly a minute!"

"I was counting the children that live in the *tenant house* round the corner," said she, — "three in the basement, then five up above, then two next above them, then two more higher, and one 'way up at the tiptop."

I found out afterward that Gracie one day held a long private talk with grandma, and then went out in a great hurry, with a handful of little pictures, bits of ribbon, and other knickknacks from the playroom, saying that she was going to make her dream come true.

Pretty soon she came back as gay as a butter-

fly, calling out, "They did, mother, — they did! They smiled!"

"Who smiled?"

"The little *tenant house* children!"

"And what made them smile?"

"Why, when I gave the things to them!"

It seems that when I found Gracie perched up at the table that day, so still and so thoughtful, she had spread her playthings about her, and was contriving a plan to give each child a Christmas present. If there were not enough, the number was to be made up in paper dolls.

[Abridgment.] ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

My next door neighbor's little girl,
A cunning two-year-old,
Wondered one day why drooped her flowers,
And pleaded to be told.

Then said her mother, "Here indoors
The sunshine doesn't come
To warm and bless and gladden them,
And make them feel at home."

Next morning when she went to seek
  Her darling at her play,
She found her standing in the sun
  In just the queerest way;

For there she held aloft a cup
  Above her pretty head.
"What are you doing, Lolo dear?"
  Mamma, astonished, said.

And she, her cup still held aloft —
  Bless her, ye Heavenly Powers! —
"I'm catching sunshine, mother dear,
  To give my 'ittle f'owers."

. . . . . .

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

THE HOLIDAY.

tō′ k¢n	blĕnd′ ĭng	hŏl′ ĭ dā¥s̲
brĕ¢th	tĕmpt′ ĭng	prŏm′ ĭs¢
joy′ ¢ŭs	nĕs′ ŧl¢	ăs tŏn′ ĭsh m¢nt

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

The boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard.

As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were good enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

"You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy; or, at least, if you are, that you'll go *away* and be so — away out of the village, I mean."

There was a general murmur in the negative. "Then, pray, don't forget, my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can,

and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all!"

"Thank you, sir," and "Good-by, sir," were said a great many times; and the boys, much to their astonishment, and that of the master, went out very slowly and softly.

But there was the sun shining, and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays.

There were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, tempting them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground, seeming smoother still in the blending lights and shadows, and inviting to runs and leaps and long walks, no one knows whither.

It was more than boys could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and sped away, shouting and laughing as they went.

CHARLES DICKENS.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

A diagonal line drawn through a letter indicates that the letter is silent.

ā	as in	āle
a̸	"	sena̸te
â	"	âir
ă	"	ăm
ä	"	ärm
ạ	"	ạll
ȧ	"	ȧsk
ē	"	ēve
ė	"	ėvent
ĕ	"	ĕnd
ẽ	"	hẽr
ī	"	īce
i̸	"	i̸dea
ĭ	"	ĭll
ō	"	ōld
ȯ	"	ȯbey
ô	"	ôrb
ŏ	"	ŏdd
ū	"	ūse
u̸	"	u̸nite
ụ	"	rụde
u̇	"	fu̇ll
ŭ	"	ŭp
û	"	ûrn
y̆	as in	pity̆
ȳ	"	flȳ
o͞o	"	fo͞od
o͝o	"	fo͝ot
n̲	"	ban̲k
s	"	so
s̱	"	has̱
ç	"	çell
c	"	cat
ou	"	out
oi	"	oil
ow	"	now
z	"	zone

ạ (= ŏ)	as in	whạt
e̲ (= ā)	"	obe̲y
ĩ (= ẽ)	"	bĩrd
o̱ (= o͞o)	"	do̱
ġ (= j)	"	ġem
th	"	thin
th	"	that
o̤ (= o͝o or u̇)	"	wo̤lf
ȯ (= ŭ)	"	sȯn
ỹ (= ẽ)	"	mỹrtle

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